SOUTHERN & WESTERN

POCKET HARMONIST

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THE

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN POCKET HARMONIST,

INTENDED AS

AN APPENDIX TO THE SOUTHERN HARMONY;

EMBRACING THE

PRINCIPAL HYMNS, SONGS, CHORUSES, AND REVIVAL TUNES, USUALLY SUNG AT PROTRACTED AND CAMPMEETINGS OF DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONS OF CHRISTIANS THROUGHOUT THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN STATES;

ALSO,

A NUMBER OF CHOICE PIECES FOR THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL SINGING SOCIETIES;

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A CONCISE INTRODUCTORY TO THE GROUNDS OF MUSIC,

BY WILLIAM WALKER,

AUTHOR OF THE SOUTHERN HARMONY.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: and they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.—ISAIAH XXXV. 10.

PHILADELPHIA:

CHARLES DESILVER. G. G. EVANS.

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1860.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by WILLIAM WALKER, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PREFACE.

In compliance with the wishes of many Ministers of the Gospel, Teachers of Music, and other friends, this little book is presented to the public, in order that the people may be furnished with a selection of good music, in pocket size, suited to the various Revival Occasions, Protracted and Camp-Meetings, Associations and Social Singing Societies, among the different denominations of Christians, together with the Hymns, Songs and Choruses printed entire under the tunes: a work of this kind has long been desired, and often asked for. In selecting the tunes I have endeavoured to get the best within my knowledge, and as near as possible from their original authors; when that could not be done and there being several parts to the same tune or tunes, I have taken those that make the best music. Where the authors of the tunes are known their names are given, but where several persons claim the authorship of the same tune their names are left out. I have set to music and composed the parts to many good airs, which bear my name as author: I have also composed several original pieces, which also bear my name. In selecting the Hymns, Songs and Choruses, I have taken those I thought best calculated to awaken the sinner, comfort the mourner and encourage Christians on their way to heaven.

As this little book is not intended as a school-book, but rather as an Appendix to the Southern Harmony, the Gamut is very much abridged; those who wish to study music as a science are referred to that and other larger works on music.

The Compiler now commends this work to a generous public, hoping it may deserve their patronage, praying God that it may prove a blessing to all those into whose hands it may come.

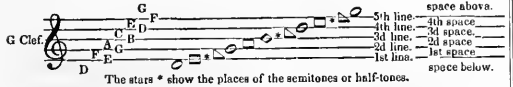
WILLIAM WALKER, A.S.H.

Spartanburg, S. C., Oct. 1845.

OF MUSIC.

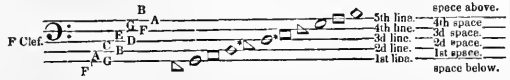
Music is a succession of pleasing sounds, and is written on five parallel lines and the spaces between them, which is called a stave. Music is sometimes written in four parts, viz: Bass, Tenor, Counter, and Treble. Counter is omitted in this book. The first seven letters of the alphabet represent the lines and spaces of the staves; they also represent the seven sounds that belong to each key-note.* In music, when eight are used, the first letter is repeated. The letters are placed on the staves, viz:

Tenor and Treble Stave.



The stars * show the places of the semitones or half-tones.

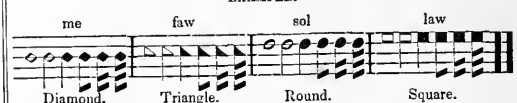
Bass Stave.



* The key-note is the last note of the bass, and is always either above or below the me.

In the above staves, the four notes used in singing are in what is called their natural places; the three-cornered, or triangle note is *faw; sol* is round, *law* is square, and *me* is diamond. See the following

EXAMPLE.



Order of the Notes.

The order of the notes above the *me*, in regular succession, are, *faw, sol, law,* twice; and below the *me*, *law, sol, faw,* twice. The *me* is the lead note, always *leading to the two keys.*

Transposition of the Me.

It sometimes becomes necessary (in order to keep the music within the stave and bring it in reach of the voice) to transpose the *me*, by flats and sharps, and all the other

notes in their order; you must, therefore, remember that
the natural place for *me* is on . . . . . B
But if B be flat ♭, *me* is on . . . . . E
If B and E are flat, *me* is on . . . . . A
If B, E, and A are flat, *me* is on . . . . D
If B, E, A and D are flat, *me* is on . . . G
And if F be sharp ♯, *me* is on . . . . . **F**
If F and C are sharp, *me* is on C
If F, C and G are sharp, *me* is on . . . . G
If F, C, G and D are sharp, *me* is on . . D

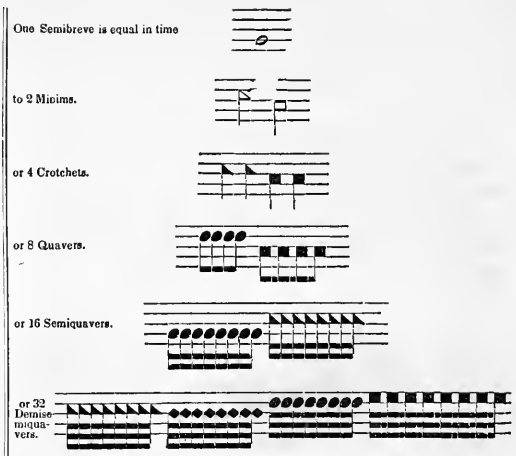
NOTE.—For further information on the transposition of the *me* and keys see *Southern Harmony Gamut*, page 22, also 18th page.

Proportion of the Notes.

There are six kinds of notes, which differ from each other in duration of sound, viz: the *Semibreve* 𝅝, *Minim* 𝅗𝅥, *Crotchet* ♩, *Quaver* ♪, *Semiquaver* 𝅘𝅥𝅯 and *Demisemiquaver* 𝅘𝅥𝅰.

Scale of Notes.

The following Scale will show the proportion these notes bear to each other, with their Rests.*



* The Rests are marks of silence, and when they occur in a tune you must keep silent as long as it would take to sound the notes they represent respectively.

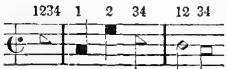
OF THE SEVERAL MOODS OF TIME.

There are nine different movements, or moods of time, used in music (but not in this work), four of *Common*, three of *Triple* and two of *Compound*.

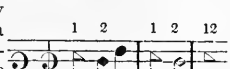
Moods of Common Time.

The first mood is known by a plain C, and has a semibreve or its quantity in a measure, sung in the time of four seconds—four beats in a bar, two down and two up.

The second mood is known by a C with a bar through it, has the same measure, sung in the time of three seconds—four beats in a bar, two down and two up.



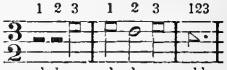
The third mood is known by a C inverted, sometimes with a bar through it, has the same measure as the first two, sung in the time of two seconds—two beats in a bar.



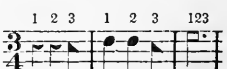
The fourth mood is known by a figure 2 over a figure 4, has a minim for a measure note, sung in the time of one second—two beats in a bar, one down and the other up.

Moods of Triple Time.

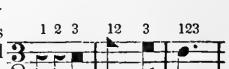
The first mood of triple time is known by a figure 3 over a figure 2, has a pointed semibreve, or three minims in a measure, sung in the time of three seconds—3 beats, two down and one up.



The second mood is known by a figure 3 over a 4, has a pointed minim, or three crotchets in a measure, and sung in 2 seconds—3 beats in a bar, two down and one up.

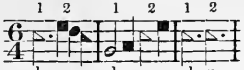


The third mood is known by the figure 3 above figure 8, has three quavers in a measure, and sung in the time of one second—three beats in a bar, two down and one up.

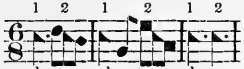


Moods of Compound Time.

The first mood of compound time is known by the figure 6 above figure 4, has 6 crotchets in a measure, sung in the time of two seconds—two beats in a bar, one down and one up.



The second mode of compound time is known by the figure 6 above an 8, has six quavers in a measure, sung in the time of one second and a half—two beats in a bar, one down and one up.



In the above examples of time the figures show the number of beats in each measure, and d shows when the hand goes down, u when up.

OF ACCENT.

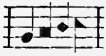
In the first three moods of common time, the accent is the first and third parts of the measure; the fourth mood on the first. In triple time, the accent is on the first part and partly on the third when three equal parts are in a measure. Compound time is accented on the first and fourth parts of the measure. (For a fuller explanation of accent, see *Southern Harmony Gamut*, page 8).

MUSICAL CHARACTERS EXPLAINED.

A *Stave*

is five parallel lines with their spaces on which music is written.

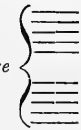
A *Single Bar* divides the stave into measures.

A *Measure.*  Any quantity of music between two bars is called a measure of music.

A *Repeat* shows the tune must be performed again from the note before which it is placed to the next double bar or close.

A *Double Bar* shows when to repeat, also shows the end of a strain.

A *Close* shows the end of a tune.

A *Brace*  shows how many parts are performed together; the lower part is *Bass*, the second part *Tenor*, third part *Treble.*

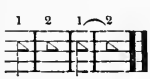
A *Slur.* All the notes under a slur are sung to one syllable.

Tied Notes. The stems of the notes are sometimes tied together, which answers the purpose of a slur.

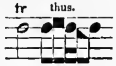
A *Dot* set on the right of a note causes it to be one-third longer.

A *Figure* 3 over three notes causes them to be sung one-third quicker.

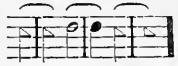
Hold. Notes thus marked should be sounded longer than usual.

The *Figures* 1 2  show that the note or notes under 1 are sung before the repeat, and those under 2 after; if tied with a slur, both are sung after.

A *Prisma* :‖: shows that the preceding word, words or sentence must be sung again.

A *Trill* tr  shows that the note over which it is set may be softly warbled.

Choice Notes. Either may be sung, or both at once if more than one singing.

Syncopation.  The time of all such notes must be sung but only one named.

Syncope. Notes set out of their order requiring the accent on the longest note.

OF THE KEYS OR KEY-NOTES.

The key-note of every correct piece of music is the leading note of the tune, by which all the other sounds throughout the tune are compared, and is always the last note in the bass, and generally in the tenor. If the last note in the bass be *faw* immediately above *me*, the tune is on a sharp or major key; but if *law* immediately below *me*, it is a flat or minor key.

There are but two natural places for the keys, A and C. A is the natural place of the flat key, and C the natural place of the sharp key. Without the aid of the flats and sharps at the beginning of the stave, no tune can rightly be set to any other than these two natural keys; but by the help of these, *me*, the centre, leading and governing note, and of course the keys, are removed at pleasure, and form what are called artificial keys, producing the same effect as the two natural keys; i. e. by fixing the two semi

or half tones equally distant from the key-notes. The difference between the major and minor keys is as follows: the major key-note has its 3d, 6th, and 7th intervals ascending half a tone higher than the same intervals ascending from the minor key-note; and this is the reason some tunes are on a sharp key, and others on a flat key. This also is the reason why music set to the major or sharp key is generally sprightly and cheerful; whereas music set to the minor or flat key is pensive and melancholy. Sharp key tunes suit to sing hymns and psalms of praise and thanksgiving, and flat key tunes those of prayer and supplication.

OF TONES AND SEMITONES.

There are said to be but seven sounds belonging to every key-note in music, every eighth being the same, and is called an octave. Therefore these sounds are represented by only seven letters. These sounds in music are called tones; five of them are called whole tones, and two of them semitones or half tones. The natural places for the semitones are between B and C, and between E and F, and they are always between *me* and *faw*, and *law* and *faw*, find them where you may.

Although the natural situation of semitones is between B C and E F, yet their situations, as well as the two keys, are very often altered by flats and sharps set at the beginning of the tune. It should therefore be remembered that the natural place for the *me* is on B, but if B be flat, *me* is on E, &c.; and if F be sharp, *me* is on F, &c. Of course, if the *me* is removed, the semitones are as the semitones are always, between *me* and *faw*, and *law* and *faw*.

OF SOUNDING THE EIGHT NOTES.

Commence on *faw*, the first note, ascend softly from one sound to another till you get to the upper note, then descend in like manner till you come to the close. You may also sing the figures 1, 2, 3, &c., ascending and descending as if by note. Also sing the words.

Eight Notes.

Come, let us sing the eight notes. Now then we have sung the eight notes.

* + Mark of accent; ! mark of half accent.

Eight Notes Double.

A note on any line or space in the tenor or treble is six tones higher than a note on a corresponding line or space in the bass; for instance a note on A, second space in the tenor and treble, is six higher than a note on C, second space of the bass; thus we prove the connexion of the different parts of music.

NOTE.—See general scale and explanation on 15th and 16th pages of the *Southern Harmony.*

In singing, always keep sufficiency of breath to sound the notes full, round and smooth, and to pronounce the words distinct and plain; and never sing in pain, but sit erect on the seat and endeavour to sing with as much ease as you would talk in common conversation; then your expressions will be natural and graceful, also more pleasant to yourself and all those who hear you sing.

ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

Chapin.

2 [Life is the hour that God hath given
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]

3 [The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.]

4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that 's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

3 ["Before the flying clouds,
Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the floods,
I dwelt at his right hand.

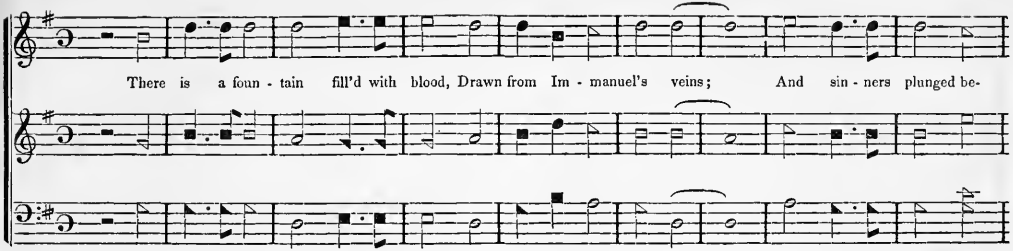
4 "When he adorn'd the skies,
And built them, I was there,
To order when the sun should rise,
And marshal every star.

5 "When he pour'd out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep;
I gave the flood a firm decree,
In its own bounds to keep.

6 "Upon the empty air
The earth was balanced well;
With joy I saw the mansion, where
The sons of men should dwell.

7 "My busy thoughts at first
On their salvation ran,
Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
Was fashion'd to a man.

8 "Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wise;
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
The man that shuns them dies."



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
This fountain in his day;
And here may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—none agree;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us!
Help us, Lord, to follow thee;
Then we'll rush through what incumbers,
Over every hindrance leap,
Not upheld by force or numbers,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On thy gospel word we'll venture,
'Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour,
Oh! good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4 Come good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here— [us,
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm
While our Shepherd is so near.
Glory, glory, be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

5 Hear the Prince of our salvation
Saying, "Fear not, little flock;
I, myself, am your Foundation,
You are built upon this Rock,
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Scale the mount, although it's steep;
Look to me, and be ye holy;
I delight to feed my sheep."

6 Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
Taught by him, we'll owe his name,
Sweetest of all names is Jesus!
How it doth our souls inflame;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Give him glory, he will keep,
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

CAROLINA. S. M.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

STAR IN THE EAST. 11,10.

2 Cold on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden, and off'rings divine,
Gems from the mountains, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

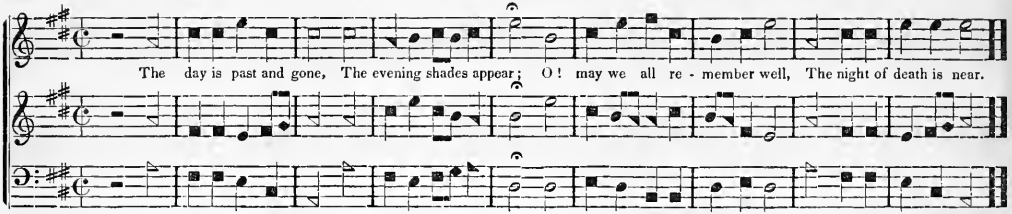
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood was shed for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
Forgive him, O, forgive! they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled!
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

EVENING HYMN. S. M.



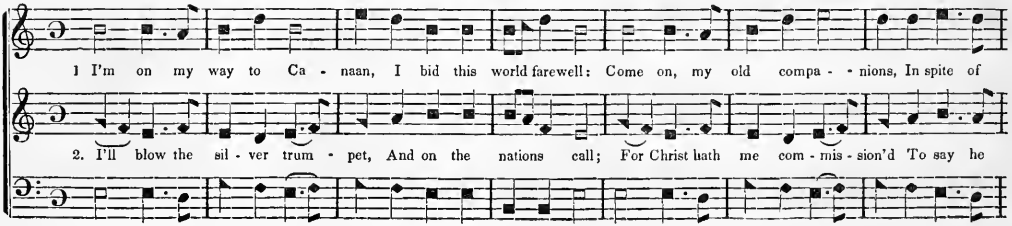
2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

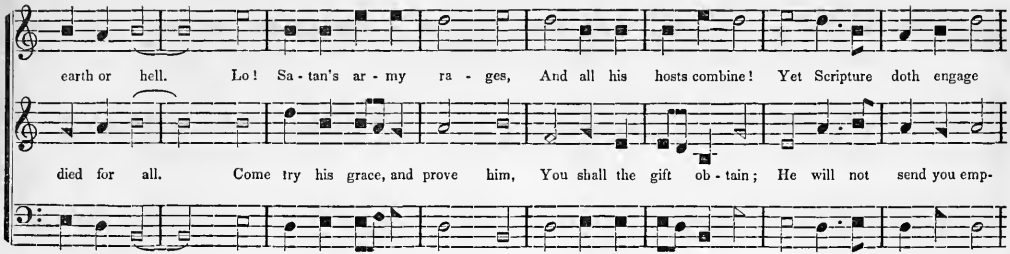
3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

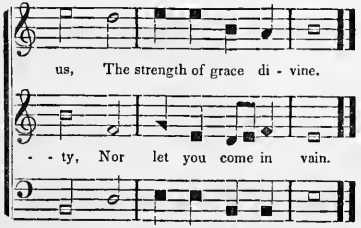
4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

WAY TO CANAAN. 7,6.







3 And if you want a witness,
Here are some just at hand,
Have lately felt the sweetness
Now flowing from that land:
It comes in copious showers,
Our bodies can't contain;
It fills our ransom'd powers—
And now we drink again!

4 The glories of that kingdom
My soul cannot describe;
I feel it is within me,
I feel the blood applied.
Oh! come unto the Saviour's arms,
And you shall feel his love,
'Tis sweeter than all other charms,
It comes from heaven above.

5 The glories of that heavenly place
I've oftimes felt before,
But what I've felt is but a taste,
Which makes me look for more.
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly and be at rest:
Then would I soar to worlds above,
And be for ever blest.

6 My soul looks up and sees him smile,
And then the blessing send,
And I am thinking all the while,
When will this journey end?
I contemplate it can't be long,
Till he will come again,
Then I shall join that heavenly throng,
And in his kingdom reign.

7 Oh could I join that heavenly throng,
And ne'er return again!
I would not think the season long
That I had suffer'd pain:
When Zion's sons are marching home
Along the heavenly street,
Then I would march along with them,
And bow before his feet.

8 The tallest of those heavenly ones
Would fail for to describe
The brightness which the Saviour puts
Upon his lovely bride.
Ten thousand years around me roll,
We have but just begun
To wear our robes and glitt'ring crowns,
Bright shining as the sun.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG. L. M.

3 I find myself out of the way,
My thoughts are often gone astray;
Like one alone I seem to be—
O! is there any one like me?

4 'Tis seldom I can ever see
Myself as I would wish to be:
What I desire I can't attain,
And what I hate I can't refrain.

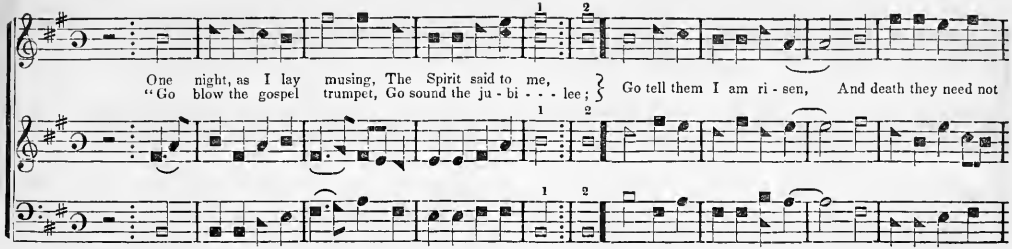
5 So far from God I seem to lie—
Which makes me often weep and cry;
I fear at last that I shall fall:
For if a saint, the least of all.

6 I seldom find a heart to pray,
So many things step in my way;
Thus fill'd with doubts I ask to know,
Come, tell me, is it thus with you.

7 So by experience I do know,
There's nothing good that I can do;
I cannot satisfy the law,
Nor hope, nor comfort from it draw.

8 My nature is so prone to sin,
Which makes my duty so unclean,
That when I count up all the cost,
If not free grace, then I am lost.

SWEET MESSENGER. 7,6



2 "The harvest fields are ripening,
The labourers are few;
When Zion she doth languish,
Oh watchmen! where are you?
Their blood will cry against you,
If idle you should be:
You see the sword is coming,
Then sound the jubilee.

3 "Come, oh! my Father's children:
Redeem'd for liberty!
Why stand you here so idle,
And wasting all the day?
Remember some are teaching,
While others preach the word;
Go labour in the vineyard,
I'll give a sure reward."

4 Come brethren all, and sisters,
Though but a little band,
The victʼry I'll ensure you,
Stand fast with sword in hand;
Then wield the sword with pleasure,
The battle goes aright:
Thus Israel gain'd the victʼry
Against the Amalekite.

5 Come, all ye sons of vanity,
Who are exposed to death,
Who've listed under Pharaoh,
Thʼ Egyptian king beneath;
Although you serve with rigour,
He will not set you free,
Then hearken to the gospel,
The sound of jubilee.

6 Come ye who 're bound for Canaan,
And give me your right hand,
Who 've turn'd your backs on Egypt,
And join'd our little band;
I pray you hold out faithful,
Your crown it will be sure:
You 'll reign with Christ your Saviour,
In bliss for evermore.

7 How beauteous are the garments,
The bride of Christ doth wear!
He adorns her with his presence,
And clothes her with his care:
He decks her with rich jewels,
And crowns her with his love,
And by his mighty power,
He 'll bear her safe above.

ABINGDON. L. M

3 White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A sun among ten thousand stars.

4 [His head the finest gold excels;
There wisdom in perfection dwells;
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.

5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Near to the signals of his wound:
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

6 [His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heavenly hands, that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command,
His legs, like marble pillars, stand.]

8 [His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Through those dear windows of his soul.

9 His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting saints;
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.

10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be beloved and yet adored;
His worth if all the nations knew
Sure the whole earth would love him too!

3 [The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace;
And nowhere else but there.]

4 [To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]

5 [Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

8 [To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie;
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]

FRIENDLY WARNING. 8,7.

3 Ye who to the world dissemble,
While you practise deeds of night,
Sinners, now behold and tremble,
All your crimes are brought to light.

4 Lost in ease or carnal pleasure,
Sporting on the burning brink;
Now you say you have no leisure,
You can find no time to think.

5 Ye who now, conviction stifling,
Waste your time, the loss deplore;
Hear the angel—cease your trifling—
"Time," he cries, "shall be no more."

6 Pause, and hear the voice of reason—
Catch the moments as they fly—
You who lose the present season,
You must all find time to die.

4

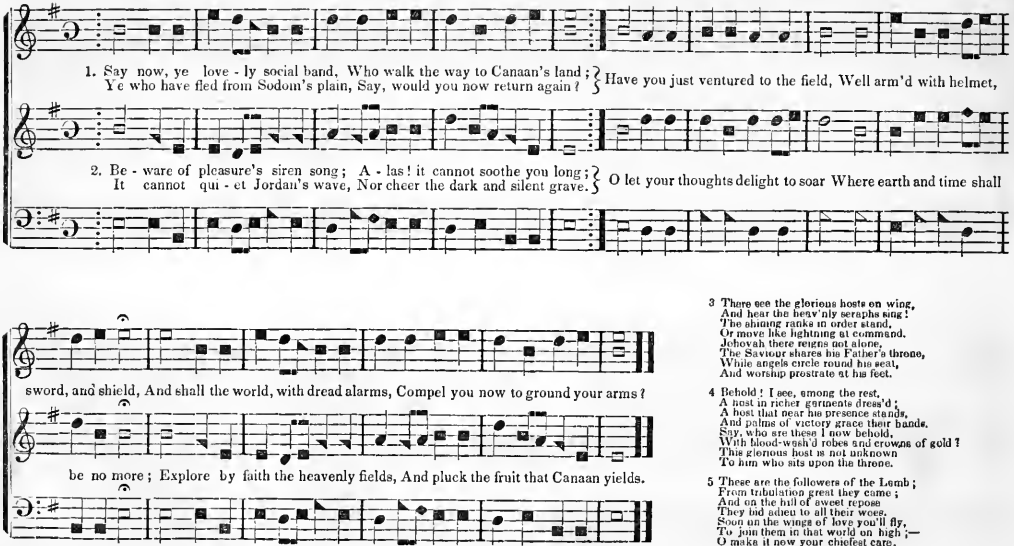
2 Tell me Shepherd, all divine,
Where I may my soul recline;
Where for refuge shall I fly,
While the burning sun is high.

3 Wilt thou let me run astray,
Mourning, grieving all the day?
Wilt thou bear to see me rove,
Seeking base and mortal love?

4 Never had I sought thy name,
Never felt the inward flame,
Had not love first touch'd my heart
With the painful pleasing smart.

5 Did'st thou leave thy glorious throne,
Put a mortal raiment on,
On the tree a victim die,
For a wretch so vile as I?

SOCIAL BAND. L. M.



3 There see the glorious hosts on wing,
And hear the heav'nly seraphs sing!
The shining ranks in order stand,
Or move like lightning at command.
Jehovah there reigns not alone,
The Saviour shares his Father's throne,
While angels circle round his seat,
And worship prostrate at his feet.

4 Behold! I see, among the rest,
A host in richer garments dress'd;
A host that near his presence stands,
And palms of victory grace their hands.
Say, who are these I now behold,
With blood-wash'd robes and crowns of gold?
This glorious host is not unknown
To him who sits upon the throne.

5 These are the followers of the Lamb;
From tribulation great they came;
And on the hill of sweet repose
They bid adieu to all their woes.
Soon on the wings of love you'll fly,
To join them in that world on high;—
O make it now your chiefest care,
The image of your Lord to bear

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs the healing lotion;
See the consolating tide,
Boundless as the ocean:
See the healing waters move
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.

3 Grace's store is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Jesus calls, "Come unto me,
Ye weary, heavy laden,
Tho' your sins, like mountains high,
Rise, and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on me rely,
All shall be forgiven."

4 Now methinks I hear one say,
I will go and prove him;
If he takes my sins away,
Surely I shall love him:
Yes! I see the Father smile,
Now I lose my burden;
All is grace, for I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

5 Streaming mercy, how it flows!
Now I know I feel it;
Tongue cannot the half disclose,
Yet I long to tell it.
Jesus' blood has heal'd my wound;
O the wondrous story!
I was lost, but now am found;
Glory! glory! glory!

6 Glory to my Saviour's name!
Saints are bound to love him;
Sinners, you may do the same,
Only come and prove him.
Hasten to the Saviour's blood,
Feel it and declare it:—
O that I could sing so loud,
That all the world might hear it!

7 If no greater joys are known
In the upper region,
I will try to follow on
In this pure religion;
Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Glory's here and yonder;
Brightest seraphs about his praise,
While all the angels wonder.

THE LORD IS GREAT, (OR MAJESTY). 11,8

Caldwell.

2 The Lord is great, his majesty how glorious,
Resound his praise from shore to shore;
O'er sin and death and hell now made victorious,
He rules and reigns for evermore.

3 The Lord is great, his mercy how abounding;
Ye angels strike your golden chords;
O praise our God with voice and harp resounding,
The King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

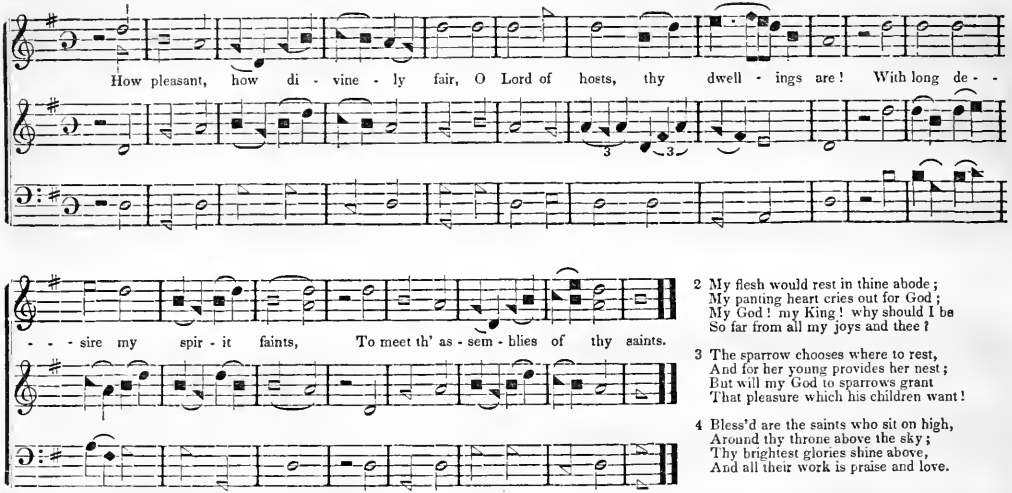
3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes,
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

Thorley.



2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

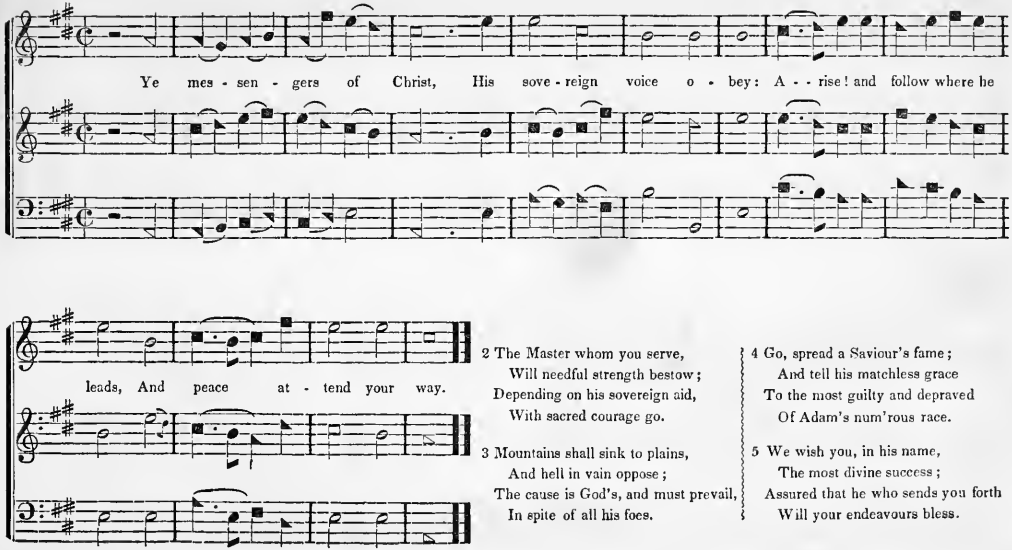
3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want!

4 Bless'd are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne above the sky;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5 Bless'd are the souls, who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

6 Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.



2 The Master whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his sovereign aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame;
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's num'rous race.

5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success;
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavours bless.

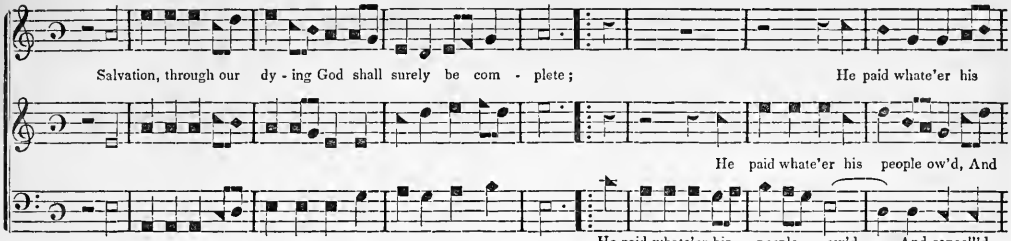
BREWER. L. M.

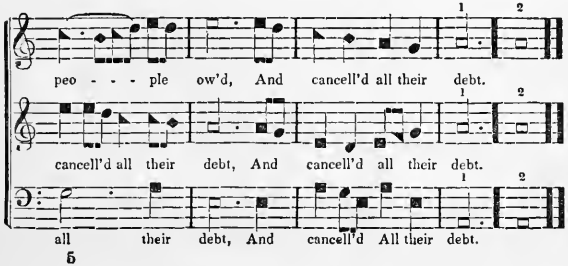
3 Now they approach th' Almighty throne
With loud hosannas night and day,
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One,
Measure their bless'd eternity.

4 No more shall hunger pain their souls:
He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings
To screen them from the scorching sun.

5 The Lamb that fills the middle throne,
Shall shed around his milder beams;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew,
Through the vast round of endless years,
And the soft hand of sovereign grace
Heal all their wounds, and wipe their tears.





2 He sends his Spirit from above,
Our nature to renew;
Displays his power, reveals his love,
Gives life and comfort too.

3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
And shows our sins forgiv'n;
Conducts us through the wilderness,
And brings us safe to heaven.

4 Salvation now shall be my stay;
"A sinner saved," I'll cry,
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.

DAVID'S VICTORY. 7,7,7,7,10,10.

B. Boyd.

2 Let remotest nations know
Proud Goliah's overthrow;
Fall'n, Philistia, is thy trust,
Dagon's honour laid in dust;
Who fears the Lord of glory need not fear
The brazen armour or the golden spear.

3 See the routed squadrons fly:
Hark! their clamors rend the sky;
Blood and carnage stain the field—
See the vanquish'd nations yield;
Dismay and terror fill the afflicted land,
While conquering David routs the trembling band.

4 Lo! upon the tented field,
Royal Saul has thousands kill'd;
Lo! upon the sanguine plain,
David has ten thousands slain:
Let mighty Saul his vanquish'd thousands tell,
While David's votaries tenfold triumphs swell.

2 "Oh! speak the word," he cries,
"And heal me of my pain:
Lord, thou art able, if thou wilt,
‖: To make a leper clean." :‖

3 Compassion moves his heart,
He speaks the gracious word;
The leper feels his strength return,
‖: And all his sickness cured. :‖

4 To thee, dear Lord, I look,
Sick of a worse disease;
Sin is my painful malady,
‖: And none can give me ease. :‖

5 But thy Almighty grace
Can heal my lep'rous soul;
Oh! bathe me in thy precious blood,
‖: And that will make me whole. :‖

SWEETEST PLEASURE. 7's. *Caldwell.*

ELYSIAN PLAIN. 13,13,13,13,6. *Davidson.*

3 From him I have my orders, and while I do obey,
I find his holy spirit illuminates my way;
The way is so delightful, I wish to travel on
Till I arrive at heav'n, to receive a starry crowo.
And glory in my soul.

4 Although my flesh is mortal, immortal is my hope,
I'll try, like holy Moses, to gain the mountain top
When at Jehovah's bidding, with cheerfulness to die,
And then ascend to heaven, to reign above the sky.
And glory in my soul.

5 Though sinners do despise me, and laugh at what I say,
I find a little number walk in the holy way;
Come on, come on, my brethren, they mock'd our Jesus too,
The crown appears before us, and Jesus in our view.
And glory in our souls.

6 I must conclude my story, although against my will,
I wish to have the power to sing while I can feel;
I long to see the time, when immortal I shall be,
And shout, and praise my Saviour, to all eternity.
And glory in my soul.

IMMENSITY. L. M.

Caldwell.

3 It is not fann'd by summer gale;
'Tis not refresh'd by vernal show'rs;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there ere known no evening hours
No, for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own;
The stream of uncreated light
Flows round it from th' eternal throne.

4 There forms that mortals may not see,
Too glorious for the eye to trace,
And clad in peerless majesty,
Move with unutterable grace:
In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtain'd sky,
It is the dwelling-place of God.

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His luving kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

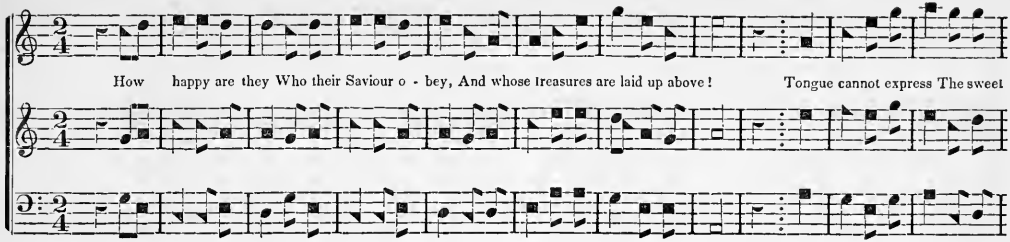
DAYSPRING. 8,7.

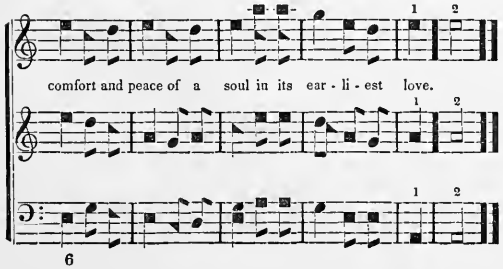
3 Zion's sun, salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills,
Rise and shine till brighter gleaming,
All the world thy glory fills,
Hallelujah :||: Hail, &c.

4 Then the valleys and the mountains,
Breaking forth, in joy shall sing;
Then the living crystal fountain
From the thirsty ground shall spring,
Hallelujah :||: Hail, &c.

5 While the wilderness rejoices,
Roses shall the desert cheer;
Then the dumb shall tune their voices,
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear.
Hallelujah :||: Hail, &c.

6 Lord of every tribe and nation,
Spread thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of thy salvation
Till it shines on every soul.
Hallelujah :||: Hail, &c.





2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
O what joy I received!
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'T was a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Saviour of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O! that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain:
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the world was put under my feet.

7 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
Overwhelm'd with the fullness of God.

8 What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favour'd am I!
Gather'd into the fold,
With believers enroll'd,
With believers to live and to die!

9 Now my remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise,
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem;
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due—
May they all be devoted to him.

2 'Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 'No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.

4 'Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.'

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

6 'Glory to God that reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth:
Mortals shall know their Maker's love
At their Redeemer's birth.'

7 Lord, and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise!
O may we lose our useless tongues
When they forget to praise.

8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there 's a Saviour born.

3 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 'When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 'Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 'The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I *will* not, I *will* not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no *never*, no *never* forsake."

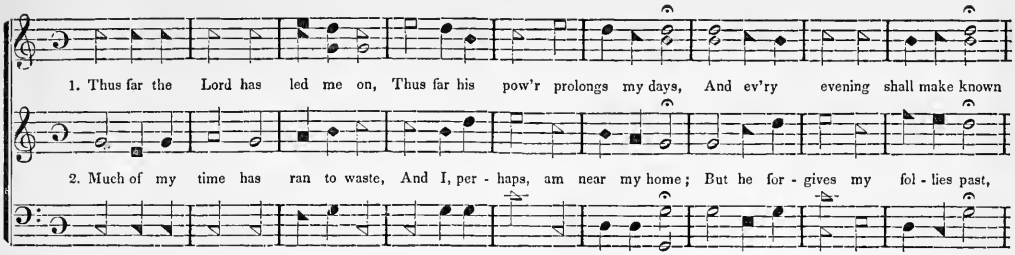
MIDDLEBROOK. 8,7.

Jackson.

3 O, to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring soul to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart—O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

4 O that day when freed from sinning,
I shall see thy lovely face!
Richly clothed in blood-wash'd linen,
How I'll sing thy sov'reign grace!
Come, dear Lord, no longer tarry,
Take my captured soul away;
Send thy angels down to carry
Me to realms of endless day.

5 If thou ever didst discover
To my faith the promised land;
Bid me now the stream pass over,
On the heav'nly border stand.
Now surmount whate'er opposes,
Into thy embrace I fly;
Speak the word thou spak'st to Moses
Bid me "get me up and die."



3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

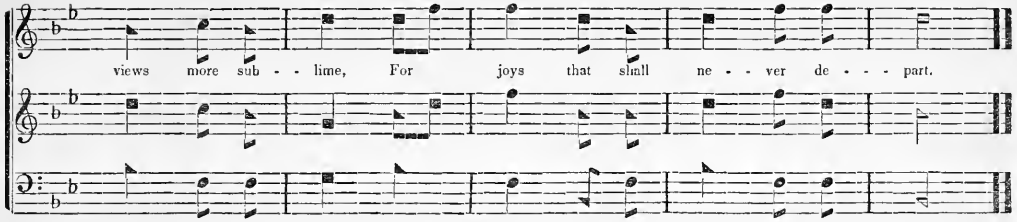
4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

6 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

CONCORD. 11,8.

Caldwell.



2 Thou Lord of the day, and thou Queen of the night,
To me ye no longer are known,
I soon shall behold, with increasing delight,
A sun that shall never go down.

3 Ye wonderful orbs that astonish my eyes,
Your glories recede from my sight,
I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies,
And stars more resplendently bright.

4 Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers, and plains,
Thou earth and thou ocean, adieu!
More permanent regions where righteousness reigns,
Present their bright hills to my view.

5 My loved habitation and gardens adieu,
No longer my footsteps ye greet,
A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
And paradise welcomes my feet.

6 My weeping relations, my brethren and friends,
Whose souls are entwined with my own,
Adieu for the present, my spirit ascends
Where pleasure immortal is known.

7 My cares and my labours, my sickness and pain,
And sorrow are now at an end;
The summit of bliss I shall speedily gain,
The height of perfection ascend.

8 Thou vale of affliction my footsteps have trod,
With trembling, with grief, and with tears,
I joyfully quit for the mansion of God,
There, there, its bright summit appears.

9 No lurking temptation, defilement or fear,
Again shall disquiet my breast,
In Jesus' fair image I soon shall appear,
Forever ineffably bless'd.

10 My Sabbaths below that have been my delight,
And thou the bless'd volume divine,
Ye guided my footsteps like stars during night:
Adieu, my conductors benign.

11 The sun, that illumines the regions of light,
Now shines on my eyes from above,
But O how transcendently glorious the sight,
My soul is all wonder and love!

12 Thou tottering seat of disease and of pain,
Adieu my dissolving abode;
But I shall behold and possess thee again,
A beautiful building of God.

13 Come death with cold hands and my eyelids now close,
And lay my cold corpse in the tomb;
My soul shall enjoy an eternal repose,
Above in my heavenly home.

14 But O what a life! what a rest! what a joy!
Shall I know when I've mounted above,
Praise! praise! shall my pow'rs triumphant employ;
My God, I shall dwell in thy love!

15 Come, come, my Redeemer, this moment release
The soul thou hast bought with thy blood,
And bid me ascend the bright regions of peace,
To feast on the smiles of my God.

Fare - well, my dear breth - ren, the time is at hand That we must be
part - ed from this so - cial band; Our sev' - ral en - gage - ments now call us a -

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for awhile,
We 'll soon meet again, if kind Providence smile,
But while we are parted and scatter'd abroad,
We 'll pray for each other, and trust in the Lord.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged,
The war will be ended, your bounty enlarged;
With shouting and singing, tho' Jordan may roar,
You 'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

4 Farewell, younger brethren, just listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
Although you must travel the dark wilderness,
Your Captain 's before you, he 'll lead you to peace.

5 The world and the devil, and sin, all unite,
And bold persecution, your souls to affright;
But Jesus, your leader, is stronger than they—
Let this animate you to march on your way.

6 Farewell, trembling mourners, with sad broken hearts,
O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part!
He 's a full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended, your souls to receive.

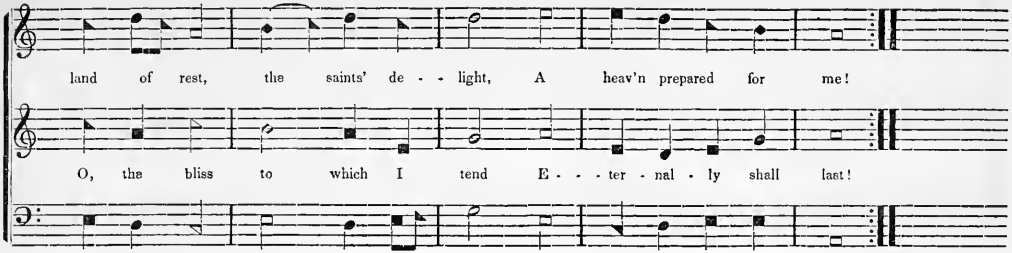
7 Farewell, careless sinners, for you I must mourn,
To think of your danger, if still unconcern'd;
I read of the judgment, where all must appear,
How will you stand trembling with tormenting fear!

8 Those frolics and pastimes in which you delight,
Will serve to torment you with dreadful affright;
You 'll think of those sermons which you 've heard in vain—
All hope 's gone forever of hearing again.

9 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell all around,
Perhaps we 'll not meet till the last trump shall sound;
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

SOLEMNITY. C. M.

Jackson.



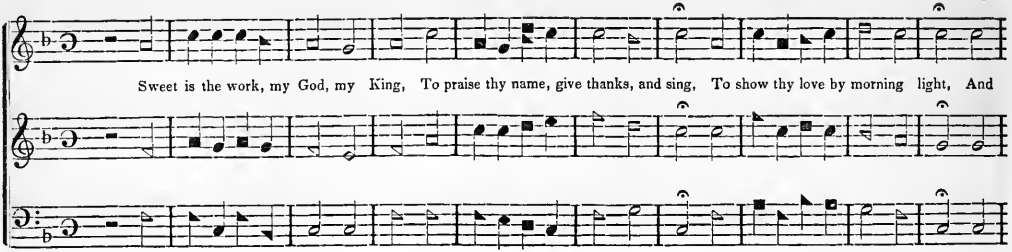
3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in this vale, by hope and love,
My ravish'd soul is there,
There my exalted Saviour stands
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

4 What is there here to court my stay,
Or keep me back from home,
When angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret to leave my friends
Here in this vale confined?
To Christ the Lord my soul ascends—
Farewell to all behind!

5 O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near—
Our life in Christ conceal'd—
And with his glorious presence here
Our longing hearts are fill'd.

6 When he shall more of heaven bestow,
And bid my soul remove,
And let my trembling spirit go
To meet the God I love:
With rapturous awe on him I'll gaze,
Who died to set me free,
And sing and shout redeeming grace
Through all eternity.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.



2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine

6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own
That will not hide your sin;

7 Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepared by God;
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dyed in his own blood.]

8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless misries are,
And boundless as our sins!

9 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

RESIGNATION. C. M.

2 When I walk thro' the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
One word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

3 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!
There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come,)
No more a stranger nor a guest;
But like a child at home.

1. 'T is re - - li - gion that can give Sweet - est plea - sures while we live;
2. Af - ter death, its joys will be Last - ing as e - - ter - - ni - - ty!
'Tis re - li - - gion must sup - - ply Sol - - id com - fort when we die.
Be the liv - - ing God my friend, Then my bliss shall ne - ver end.

DEEP SPRING. C. M.

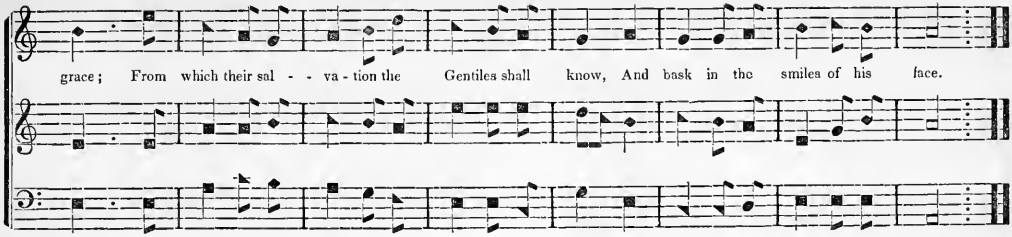
3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven!
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood;

4 Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the vict'ries of thy death
Let me a sharer be."

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies —
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

SAMANTHRA. 11,8.



1 O! thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom, in affliction, I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all—
Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

2 O! why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where, with his flock, he is gone?

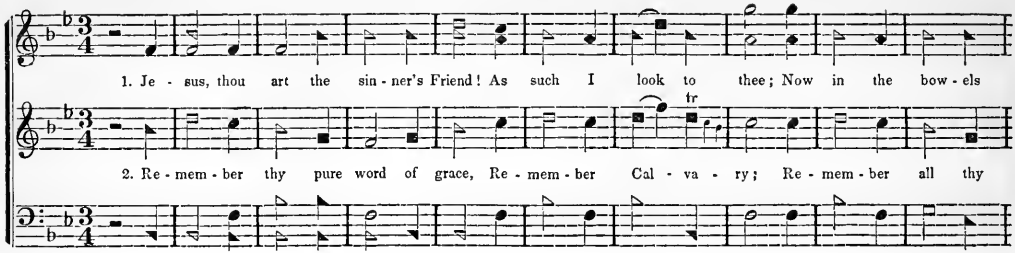
3 "What is thy Beloved, thou dignified fair?
What excellent beauties has he?
His charms and perfections be pleased to declare,
That we may embrace him with thee."
This is my Beloved, his form is divine;
His vestments shed odour around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

4 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

5 His lips as the fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
Love sits in his eyelids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.

6 He looks—and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And millions attend on his word:
He speaks—and eternity, fill'd with his voice
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.
Such is my Beloved, in excellence bright,
When pleased he looks down from above—
Like the morn when he breathes from the chambers of light—
And comforts his people with love.

REMEMBER ME, (OR BALLERMA). C. M.



3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord! remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord! remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my Great Redeemer, God
I pray remember me.

3 Hosanna to Jesus, who died to redeem us,
I'll serve him and praise him wherever I go;
He's now gone to heaven, the Spirit is given
To quicken and comfort his people below.

4 Hosanna forever, his grace like a river
Is rising and spreading all over the land;
His love is unbounded; we feel it extended
To us, and we'll praise him in one social band.

5 Hosanna is ringing, for Christians are singing
The praises of Jesus, and tasting his love;
The sound goes to heaven, the echo is given—
It rolls through my soul from the mansions above.

6 Hosanna to Jesus, my soul feels him precious;
I'm marching to glory with bright royal bands;
Come on, my dear brethren, let's all go to heaven,
For Jesus invites us, with crowns in his hands.

7 Hosanna to Jesus, my soul sweetly rises;
I'll soon be transported to yon happy clime,
Where I shall see Jesus, and dwell on his praises,
And with him in glory eternally shine.

NORTH SALEM, (OR MEDITATION). C. M.

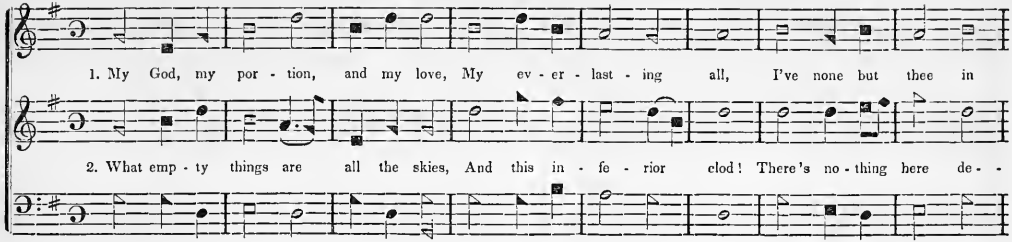
2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow, gaping tomb:
This gloomy prison waits for you
Whene'er the summons come.]

3 O! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters, and this load,
And long for evening, to undress,
That we may rest with God.]

6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.



3 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon,
If thou withdraw 'tis night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.

5 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
My health and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee;
Or what 's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

REDEMPTION. 12,11's.

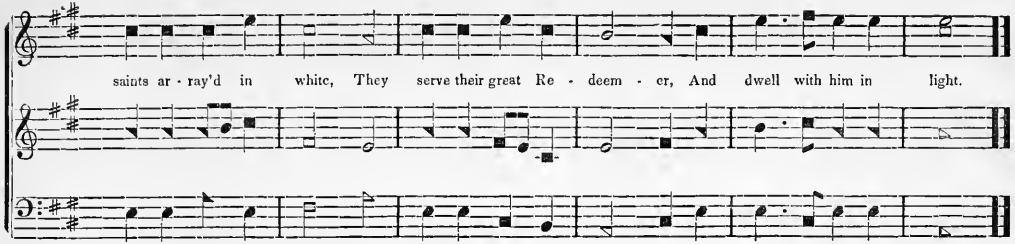
2 The devil perceived that I was convinced,
He strove to persuade me that I was too young,
That I would get weary before my ascension,
And wish that I had not so early begun.
Sometimes he'd persuade me that Jesus was partial,
When he was a setting of poor sinners free,
That I was forsaken and quite reprobated,
And there was no mercy at all for poor me.

3 But glory to Jesus, his love 's not confined
To princes, nor men of a noble degree ;
His love it flows bounteous to all human creatures,
He died for poor sinners, when nail'd to the tree.
And when I was groaning in sad lamentation,
My soul overwhelmed in sorrow and sin,
He drew near me in mercy, and look'd on me with pity,
He pardon'd my sins, and he gave me relief.

4 And now I've found favour in Jesus my Saviour,
And all his commandments I'm bound to obey ;
I trust he will keep me from all Satan's power,
Till he shall think proper to call me away.
So farewell, young people, if I can't persuade you
To leave off your follies and go with a friend,
I'll follow my Saviour, in whom I've found favour,
My days to his glory I 'm bound for to spend.

HOLY CITY. 7,6.

Bovelle



2 It is no world of trouble,
The God of peace is there,
He wipes away their sorrows,
He banishes their care;
Their joys are still increasing,
Their songs are ever new,
They praise th' eternal Father,
The Son and Spirit too.

3 The meanest child in glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendour
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In godlike majesty?
The elders fall before him,
The angels bend the knee.

4 Is this the man of sorrows,
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Contemn'd by haughty Herod,
And by his men of war?
He seems a mighty conqu'ror,
Who spoil'd the powers below,
And ransom'd many captives
From everlasting woe.

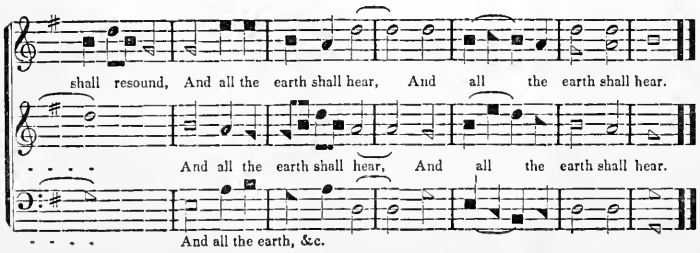
5 The host of saints around him
Proclaim his works of grace·
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race;
Who speak of fiery trials,
And tortures on their way;
They came from tribulation,
To everlasting day.

6 Now with a holy transport,
They tell their suff'rings o'er,
Their tears and their temptations,
And all the pains they bore;
They turn and bow to Jesus,
Who gain'd their liberty;
Amid our fiercest dangers,
Our lives are hid in thee.

7 Long time I was invited
To gain that heavenly rest;
Grace made no hard condition,
'T was only to be bless'd;
But earth's bewitching pleasures
Inclined me long to stay;
I sought her dreams and shadows,
And joys that pass away.

8 But now it is my purpose
The better way to find;
To serve my great Creator,
And leave my sins behind;
In guilt's seducing mazes
I will no longer roam;
I'll give my soul to Jesus,
Who brings the ransom'd home.

9 And what shall be my journey
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know;
In every day of trouble
I'll raise my thoughts on high;
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.



2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'T was grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'T was grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HEAVENLY UNION. 8,8,8,8,7.

Treble by W. Walker.

8 This information made me cry,
I strove salvation hard to buy,
And with my tears to satisfy;
I look'd this way and that to fly,
For still I lack'd this union.

4 But when depress'd and lost in sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean
And oh! what seasons I have seen,
Since first I felt this union.

5 I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one in the way,
Something I always found to say
About this heavenly union.

6 Oh! come ye lukewarm, come away,
And learn to do as well as say,
And bear your cross from day to day,
And mind to walk the narrow way,
And then you'll feel this union.

7 I wonder that the saints don't sing,
And make the hills and valleys ring
With loud hosannas to their King,
Who saved their souls from hell and sin,
And brought about this union.

6 We soon shall leave these climes below,
And ev'ry scene of pain and woe!
We all shall then to glory go!
And there we'll see, and hear, and know
And join in perfect union.

9 Come heav'n and earth unite your lays,
And give Jehovah-Jesus praise:
And thou, my soul, look up and gaze,
He bleeds he dies, thy debt he pays!
To give thee heav'nly union.

10 Oh! were I like an angel found,
Salvation through the earth I'd sound,
The devil's kingdom to confound,
I'd triumph on Immanuel's ground,
And spread the glorious union.

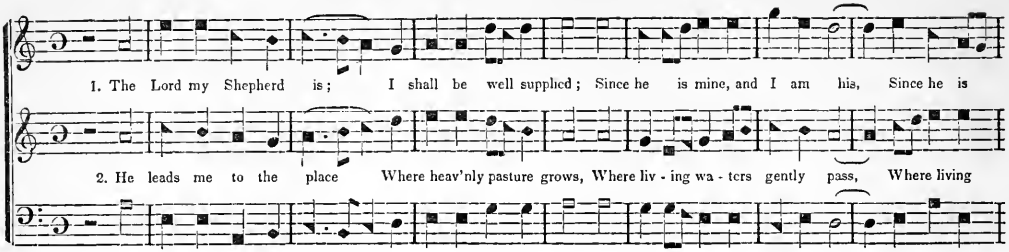
STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M.

Treble by W. Walker.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

SHEPHERD. S. M.

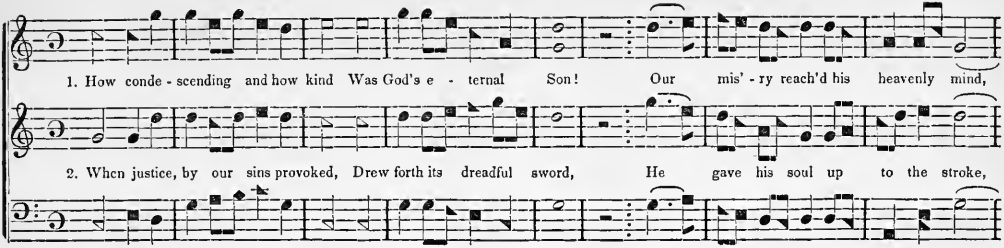


3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.



3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,
That, when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

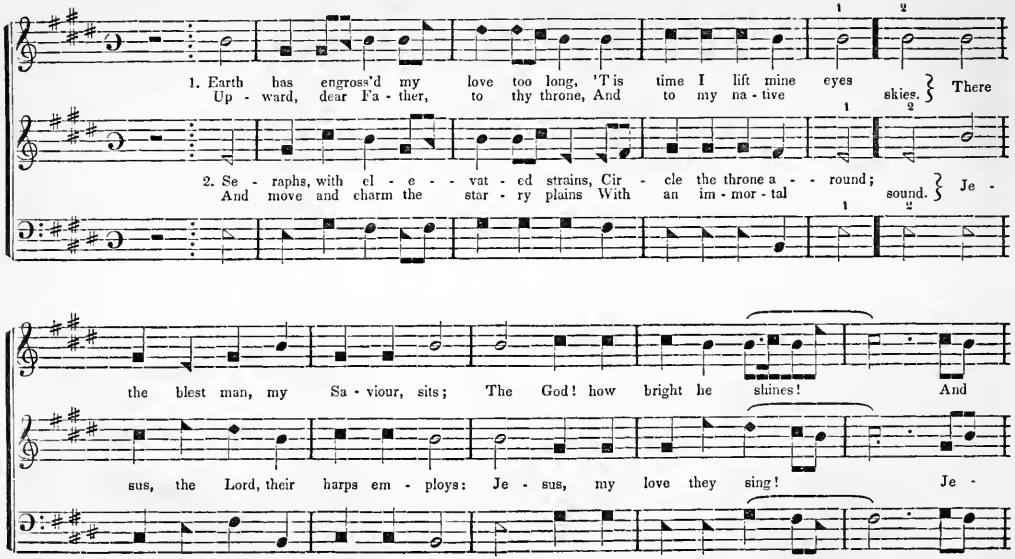
5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

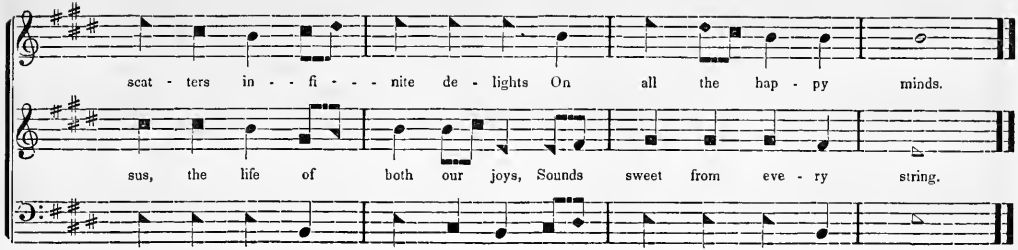
6 Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he died,
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side

7 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love;
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

THE EVERLASTING SONG, (OR COMMUNION). C. M.





3 Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run;
And echo in majestic sounds
The Godhead of the Son!
And now they sink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the Father's Equal down
To dwell in humble clay.

4 O sacred beauties of the man!
(The God resides within:)
His flesh all pure without a stain,
His soul without a sin.
But, when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide;
Suspended songs, a moment, mourn
The God that loved and died.

5 Then, all at once, to living strains
They summon every chord,
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising Lord.
Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue—
Here's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!
There ye that love my Saviour, sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

GANGES. 8,8,6. Ye must be born again.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
O'erwhelm'd my tortured mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, unwieldy load;
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God!

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace "is born again,"
And sings redeeming love.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And softer notes did raise;
All hail! the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumber'd millions, "born again,"
Shall shout thine endless praise.

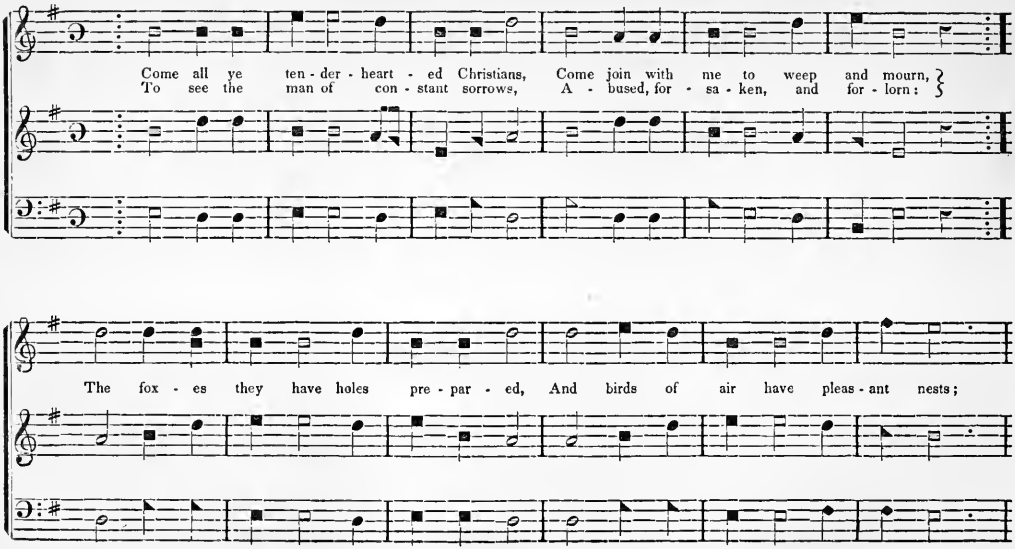
SOCIAL MEETING. 7,6.

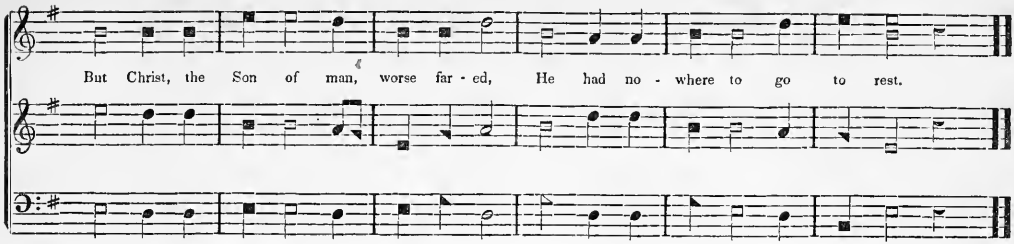
2 Draw nigh to us, bless'd Jesus,
In our social meeting;
O, may we find thy favour,
Thou ever-blessed Saviour,
In this social meeting.

3 Draw nigh to us, blest Spirit,
In our social meeting;
Convince and renovate us,
Anew in Christ create us,
In this social meeting.

TENDER-HEARTED CHRISTIAN. 9,8

Wm. Walker.





2 Behold him in cold mountains praying,
He spent whole nights in prayer and praise;
He was with grief and tears acquainted,
He went a mourner all his days:
Behold him in the garden lying,
His soul in floods of sorrow drown'd,
And the large bloody sweat a running,
In trickling drops down to the ground.

3 Behold him when the soldiers took him,
And led him unto Pilate's bar,
His own disciples then forsook him,
O, Christians! come and drop a tear.
Behold him when he was condemned,
In a *mock-robe* and thorny crown,
And see his tender temples pierced,
Until the blood came trickling down.

4 Behold him when the soldiers scourged him,
And put his soul to torturing pain,
See how with knotty whips they lash'd him,
Until the naked bones were seen.
O who is this! that comes from Bozrah,
With dyed garments all o'er red;
And whose apparel is all stained,
Like those who in the wine-press tread?

5 He did not hide his face from spitting,
Nor cheeks from those who pluck'd the hair,
Come all ye tender-hearted Christians,
O come and help me drop a tear!
He gave his back unto the smiter,
Who plough'd long furrows in the same;
And lo, his visage was more marred
Than any of the sons of men.

6 Behold him on the cross a bleeding,
His soul in keenest agony!
The glittering sun forsook his shining,
And blush'd this mournful sight to see;
The flinty rocks were burst asunder,
When Christ the Lamb gave up the ghost;
And then the earth did quake and tremble,
And many of the dead came forth.

7 They laid him in a new sepulchre,
Where man was never laid before;
He burst the bands of death asunder,
And brought salvation to the poor.
Behold him pleading for poor sinners,
Close at his heavenly Father's side,
And, when stern justice cries against them,
Says "*Father, spare them, I have died.*"

8 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cine here I find:
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield:
While the Scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me—
Satan trembles at his word:
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Dozing on his golden store?
Such I am, or should be wiser.
I am rich, 'tis he is poor.
Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

11

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return!
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

CHINA. C. M

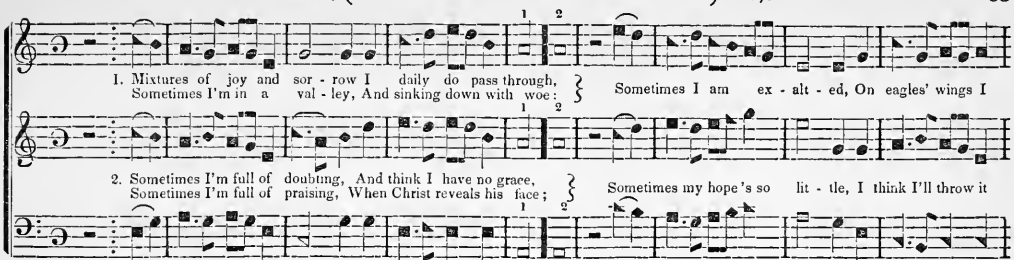
Swan.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.



4 Sometimes I am oppressed
By Pharaoh's cruel hand;
Sometimes I look o'er Jordan
And view the promised land:
Sometimes I am in darkness,
Sometimes I'm in the light,
And then my soul is winged,
And upward speeds its flight.

5 Sometimes I travel mourning,
Down Babel's ancient stream,
Sometimes my Lord's religion
Appears my only theme;
Sometimes when I am praying
It seems almost a task,
Sometimes I find a blessing,
The greatest I can ask.

6 Sometimes I read my Bible,
And 'tis a sealed book,
Sometimes I find a blessing
Whene'er therein I look:
Sometimes I go to meeting,
And wish myself at home,
Sometimes I find my Saviour,
And then I'm glad I come.

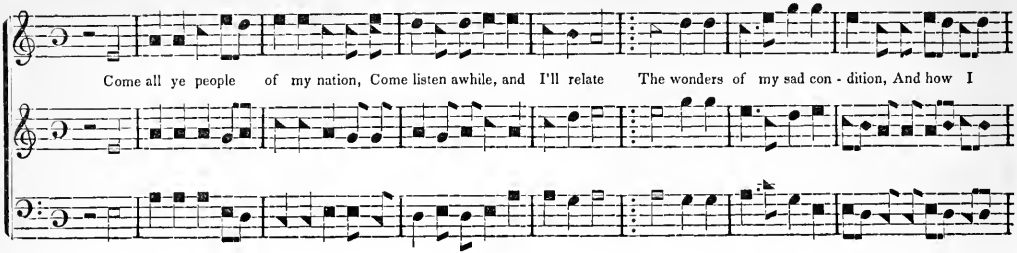
7 Lord, why am I thus tossed,
Thus tossed to and fro?
Why are my hopes thus crossed,
Where e'er I'm call'd to go?
O Lord, thou never changest,
And 'tis because I stray;
O grant me thine assistance,
And keep me in thy way.

8 O may thy counsels guide me
And keep me while I live;
In death be thou my portion,
And then my soul receive,
To praise my blessed Saviour
And magnify his grace,
Bestow'd on such a sinner,
The chief of all the race.

9 There with the holy angels
That stand around the throne
And saints of every nation,
Our voices join'd in one,
We'll sound aloud the praises
Of our Redeemer, God,
Who saved us by his sorrows,
And wash'd us in his blood.

EXPERIENCE. 9,8.

Wm. Walker.



2 I was born blind, to sin inclined,
As all the race of Adam are;
Full sixteen years I was delighted
In civil mirth, and void of fear.

3 One time untheughtful I went to meeting
And heard a woman relating there
The travail of her sad condition,
And how she came the Lord to fear.

4 I saw, when she was thus relating,
The awful state that I was in;
I saw my soul was unconverted,
And always had been dead in sin.

5 I then began to think of praying,
And trying for to seek the Lord;
But still my soul was much distressed
Before I unto Jesus cried.

6 I then began to seek conversion,
And cried to the Lord my soul to save,
I left my way of light diversion,
And then God's mercy I did crave.

7 My sins began, like pointed mountains,
To stand against me every day;
My sins I often was recounting,
But all in vain my grief t' allay.

8 One night, while thinking of the Saviour,
And what he'd done for sinful man,
I thought my soul was out of favour,
And ne'er his goodness should obtain.

9 Mount Sinai's thunder roll'd against me,
Not only for my outward sins,
But in my heart I saw the fountain
Which made my actions so unclean.

10 I saw myself justly condemned,
And thought my soul to hell must go;
But still I found his mercy extended,
Which made my soul with love o'erflow.

11 Then I was deliver'd of my burden,
These words with pow'r did run thro' me;
Well Christ remembers Calvary's mountain,
Nor let his saints forgetful be.

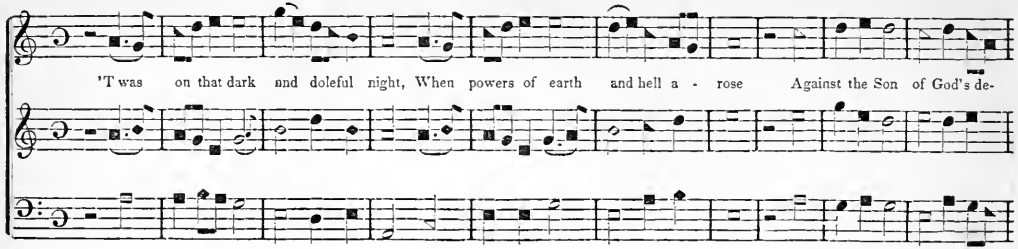
12 O, then by faith I thought I saw him
Hanging on the accursed tree;
O then my soul was much uplifted,
I then believed he died for me.

13 Come, Christians, join with me in praising
The blessed Lord, who died for me;
I hope to praise him while I'm living,
And, after death, eternelly.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, "I am his."

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up, with joy, the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.



2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine;
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

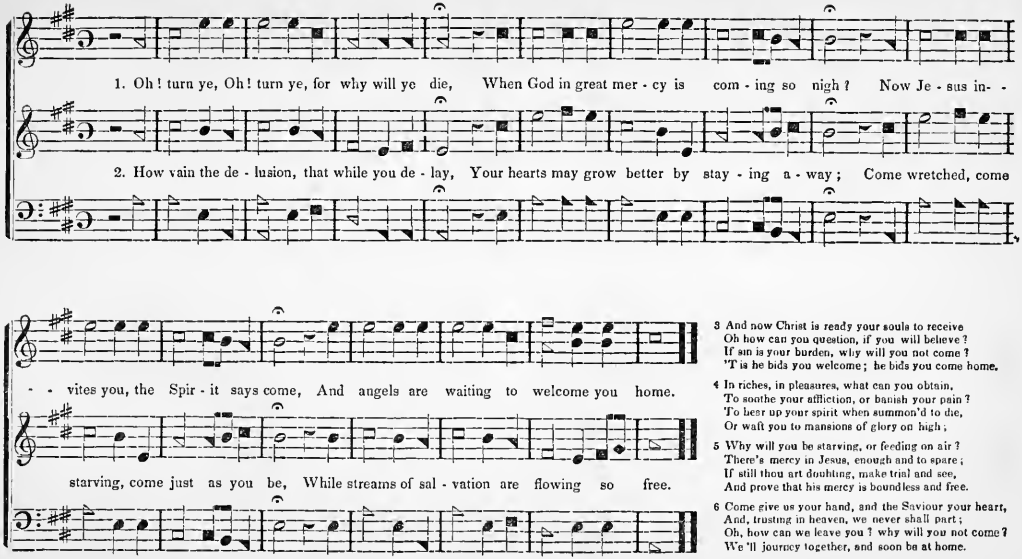
4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn:
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When, for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

6 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

7 [Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

OH! TURN YE. 11's.



3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive
Oh how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'T is he bids you welcome; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high;

5 Why will you be starving, or feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still thou art doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6 Come give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And, trusting in heaven, we never shall part;
Oh, how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We 'll journey together, and soon be at home.

3 With thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am more than angels blest;
Hear with thee, all things inherit,—
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.
Without thee, the world possessing,
I should be a wretch undone;
Search through heaven, the land of blessing,
Seeking good and finding none.

4 Hear, then, blessed Saviour, hear me!
My soul cleaveth to the dust;
Send the Comforter to cheer me;
Lo! in thee I put my trust.
On the word thy blood hath sealed,
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thine arm be now revealed;
Stay, oh stay me, lest I fall!

5 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
'Here's a soul that perish'd going
For the boasted Saviour's aid!'
Saved—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love!

3 Oh Jesus! in pity draw near,
Come quickly to help a lost soul,
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor Lazarus whole;
The balm of thy mercy apply,
Thou seest the sore anguish I feel;
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,
Oh save, or I sink into hell!

4 I sink, if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to show;
Come quickly, and kindly display
The power of thy passion below;
By all thou hast done for my sake
One drop of thy blood I implore,
Now, now let it touch me and make
The sinner a sinner no more.

3 The armies now are in parade,
How martial they appear!
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war;
They follow their great General,
The great Eternal Lamb,
His garments stain'd with his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.

4 The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,
And drive the hosts of hell:
How dreadful is our God in arms!
The great Immanuel!—
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ
Th' eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

5 There is a green and flow'ry field,
Where fruits immortal grow;
There, clothed in white, the angels bright,
Our great Redeemer know.
We'll shout and sing for evermore
In that eternal world;
But Satan, and his armies too,
Shall down to hell be hurl'd.

6 Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption 's drawing nigh,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
'Twill shake both earth and sky:
In fiery chariots then we'll fly,
And leave the world on fire,
And meet around the starry throne,
To tune th' immortal lyre.

8 His love, in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Determined to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?

5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?—he told me no less:
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's song!

WORTHY THE LAMB. 6 and 4.

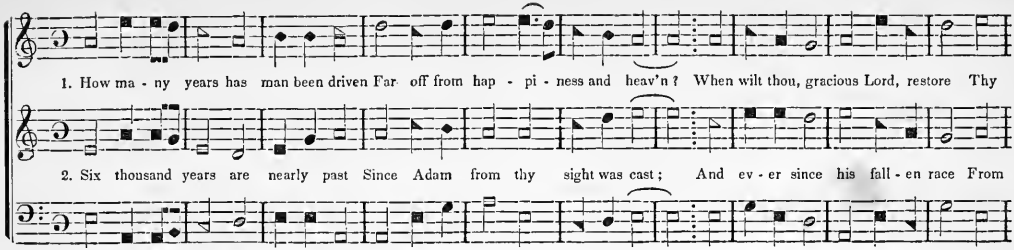
Bradshaw

3 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name,
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

5 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name;
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing
Worthy the Lamb.

6 Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name:
To him ascribed be,
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity:
Worthy the Lamb.



3 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep the eternal jubilee?

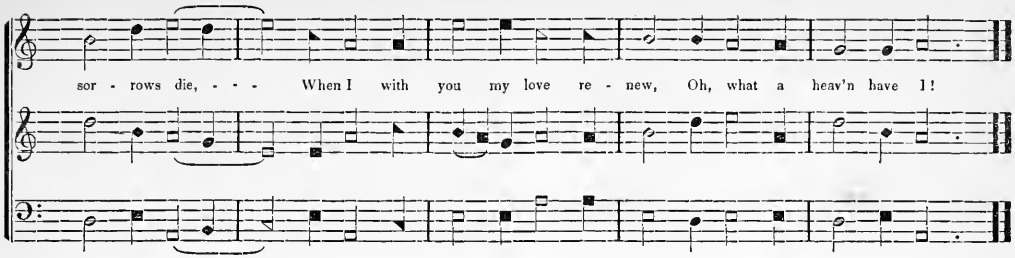
4 Hasten it, Lord, in every land;
Send thou thine angels and command;
'Go, sound deliverance; loudly blow
Salvation to the saints below.'

5 We want to have the day appear!
The promised great Sabbatic year,
When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

6 Till then, we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong request
And this our daily prayer shall be,
Loud sound the trump of jubilee.

HAPPY TIME. C. M.

Wm. Walker.



2 My sorrows pass'd, and I at last
Have heavenly comforts found,
My heart to Jesus I have given,
And I'm for Canaan bound;
If fellowship with saints below
Is to our souls so sweet,
What heav'nly comforts shall we know
When round his throne we meet!

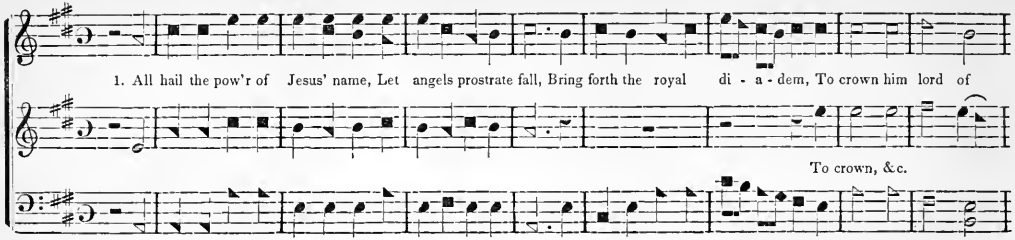
3 While here we sit and sing his love
In rapture so divine,
With patience more like those above,
While in these songs we join;
Our hearts are fill'd with holy zeal,
We long to see the King;
We long to reach those heav'nly fields
Where ssints snd angels sing.

4 Sinners come try, you that stand by,
You may be happy too;
Christ died for all who on him call—
Sinners, he died for you;
If I could know which of you'd go,
I'd take you by the hand,
And lead you on the way Christ's gone,
Toward the heav'nly land.

5 On th' other hand, if you will stand
Just on the brink of hell,
I'll first you warn, then my back turn,
And bid you all farewell;
For I must go to Christ I know,
I long with him to dwell;
The saints also will bid y' adieu,
Poor sinners, all farewell!

CORONATION. C. M.

Holden.



2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre;
And, as they tune it, fall
Before his face who tunes their choir,
And crown him Lord of all.

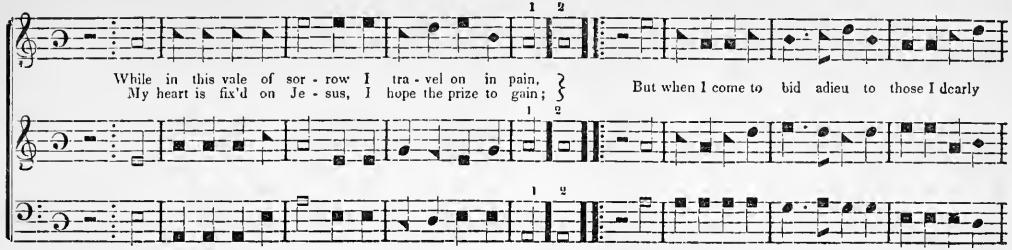
3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, man divine,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.



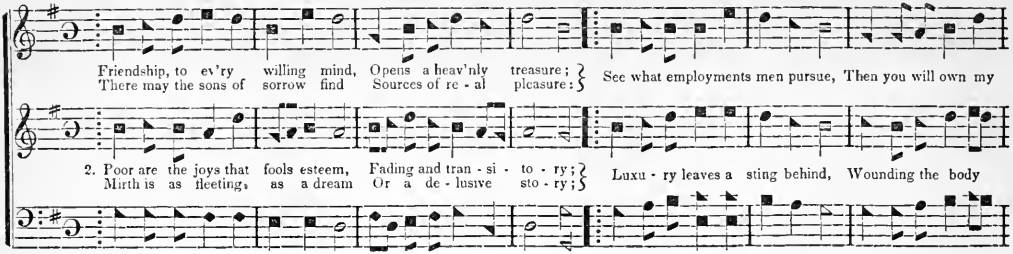
2 I'm on my way to glory;
By faith I look above.
And view the smiling Saviour,
Which fills my soul with love:
'T is this that so constrains my soul
Poor sinners to entreat,
To seek the Father's favour
Upon the mercy-seat.

3 While in my Master's vineyard
I toil and travel on;
Oh! pray for me, my brethren,
Until my work is done;
Tho' lands and rivers lie between,
We 'll still in spirit meet,
And pray for full redemption,
And confidently wait.

4 Farewell, my loving brethren,
Until we meet again—
Perhaps in realms of glory,
With Christ the Lord to reign:
Be faithful to your Saviour God,
And keep the prize in view;
And if I reach those mansions,
I there shall meet with you.

5 There sickness, pain, and sorrow
Will all be done away,
And we shall meet each other,
To spend an endless day: {Lord,
There we shall meet with Christ the
Our Saviour and our Friend—
Farewell, my loving brethren!
Love Jesus to the end.

FRIENDSHIP. 8,6,8,6,8,8,8,6.



8 Learning, that boasting glitt'ring thing,
Is but just worth possessing;
Riches, forever on the wing,
Scarce can be call'd a blessing;
Fame, like a shadow, flies away,
Titles and dignity decay;
Nothing but friendship can display
Joys that are freed from trouble.

4 Beauty, with all its gaudy shows,
Is but a painted bubble;
Short is the triumph wit bestows,
Full of deceit and trouble:
Sensual pleasures swell desire,
Just as the fuel feeds the fire—
Friendship can real bliss inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing.

5 Happy the man that hath a friend
Form'd by the God of nature,
Well may he feel and recommend
Friendship for his Creator:
Then let our hearts in friendship join,
To let our social pow'rs combine,
Ruled by a passion most divine,
Friendship to our Creator.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting, at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

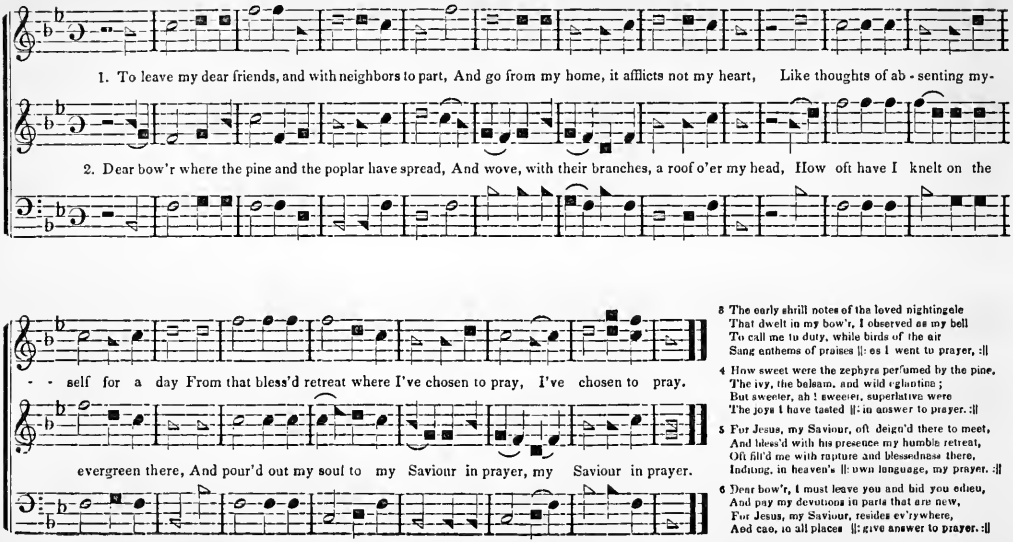
4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design,
To make my soul their prey.

7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust
For ever shout for joy.

8 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfil'd:
The mighty God will compass them
With favour, as a shield.



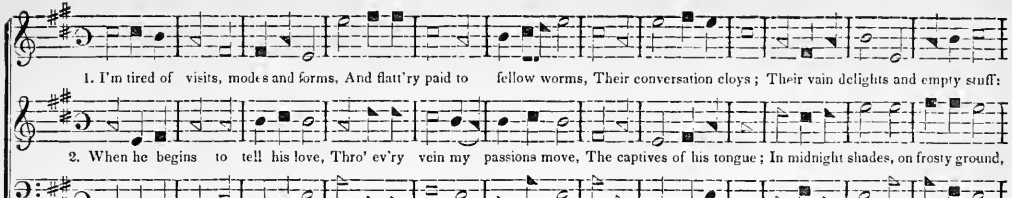
3 The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale
That dwelt in my bow'r, I observed as my bell
To call me to duty, while birds of the air
Sang anthems of praises ‖: as I went to prayer, :‖

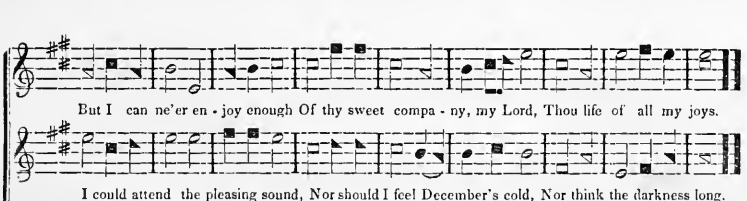
4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;
But sweeter, ah! sweeter, superlative were
The joys I have tasted ‖: in answer to prayer. :‖

5 For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deign'd there to meet,
And bless'd with his presence my humble retreat,
Oft fill'd me with rapture and blessedness there,
Inditing, in heaven's ‖: own language, my prayer. :‖

6 Dear bow'r, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,
For Jesus, my Saviour, resides ev'rywhere,
And can, in all places ‖: give answer to prayer. :‖

CONVERSE WITH GOD. 8,8,6





4 Next he describes the thorns he wore
And talks his bloody passions o'er,
Till I am drown'd in tears;
Yet, with a sympathetic smart,
There's a strange joy heats round my heart
The cursed tree has blessings in't,
My sweetest balm it bears.

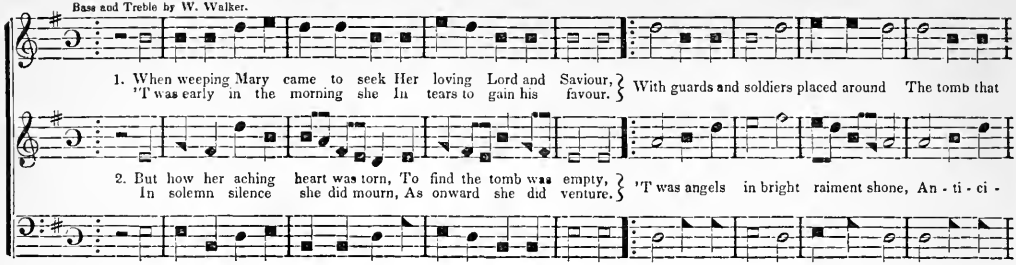
5 I hear the glorious sufferer tell,
How on the cross he vanquish'd hell,
And all the pow'rs beneath;
Transpir'ed and inspired my tongue
Attempts his triumph in a song:
How hath the serpent lost his sting,
And where's thy victory, death?

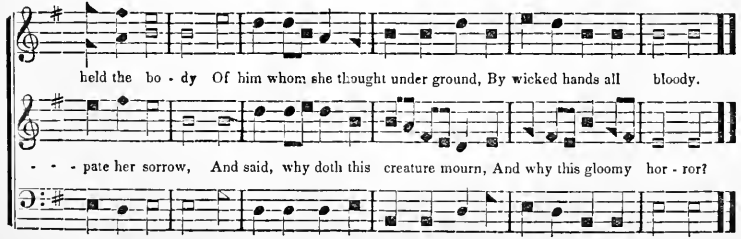
6 But when he shows his hands, his heart,
And those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire:
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds
With more intense desire.

7 Kindly he opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrows there,
And tell him all my pains;
Thus, while I ease my burthen'd heart,
In ev'ry woe he bears a part;
His arms embrace me, and his hand
My drooping head sustains.

WEEPING MARY. 8,7

Bass and Treble by W. Walker.

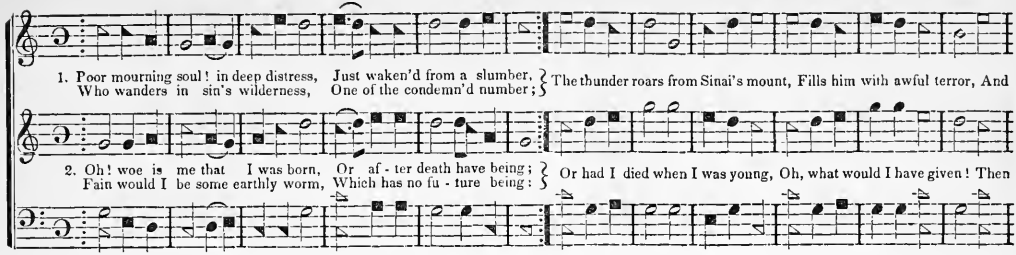




3 Whom seek'st thou, Mary? they did say,
And why this solemn mourning?
Because they've took my Lord away,
I thought to see this morning.
He, standing by her, though unknown,
She thought it was the gardener;
In flowing tears she made her moan,
Not knowing 'twas her partner.

4 I'll grieve, and my poor Mary said,
Till I know where they laid him;
And, quickly turning round her head,
Began for to upbraid him.
Whom seek'st thou, Mary? says the Son;
She then perceived her Saviour,
And quickly to his feet she ran,
Not fearing harm or danger.

5 And now, like Mary, let us go
And kiss the feet of Jesus,
That we may hear his word also,
Which he delights to give us.
From God we have the word of life,
Through Christ the Mediator,
Like him we hope to die and rise,
And dwell with the Creator



3 But now may I lament my case,
Just worn away by trouble,
From day to day I look for peace,
But find my sorrows double:
Cries Satan, "desp'rate is your state,
Time 's been you might repented,
But now you see it is too late,
So make yourself contented."

4 How can I live! how can I rest?
Under this sore temptation:
Fearing the day of grace is past,
Lord hear my lamentation!
For I am weary of my life,
My groans and bitter crying,
My wants are great, my mind 's in strife,
My spirit 's almost dying.

5 Without relief I soon shall die,
No hope of getting better,
Show pity, Lord, and hear the cry
Of a distressed sinner;
For I 'm resolved here to trust,
At thy foot-stool for favour,
Pleading for life, though death be just,
Make haste, Lord, to deliver!

6 "Come, hungry, weary, naked soul,
For such I ne'er rejected;
My righteousness sufficient is,
Though you have long neglected;
Come, weary souls, for right you have,
I am such souls' protector,
My honour is engaged to save
All under this character."

7 "I come to seek, I come to save,
I come to make atonement,
I lived, I died, laid in the grave,
To save you from the judement;
By faith my glorious Lord I see,
O how it doth amaze me!
To see him bleeding on the tree,
From hell and death to raise me.

8 O! who is this that lonketh forth,
Bright as the blooming morning,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun?
Jesus is so adorning:
Jesus hath clothed my naked soul,
O he for me has died!
And now I may with pleasure sing,
My wants are all supplied.

9 Lord give me grace to spend my days
In living to thy honour,
And not be found in sinners' ways,
Acting to thy dishonour;
But let my life devoted be
To Jesus Christ, my Saviour,
And Glory to the sacred Three,
All glory now and ever!

THAT GLORIOUS DAY. C. M.

Wm. Walker.

2 The King who wears that glorious
'The azure flaming bow, [crown,
The holy ery shall bring down,
To bless the church below: [King
When Zion's bleeding, conquering
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars with t'gether sing,
And Zion shout for joy

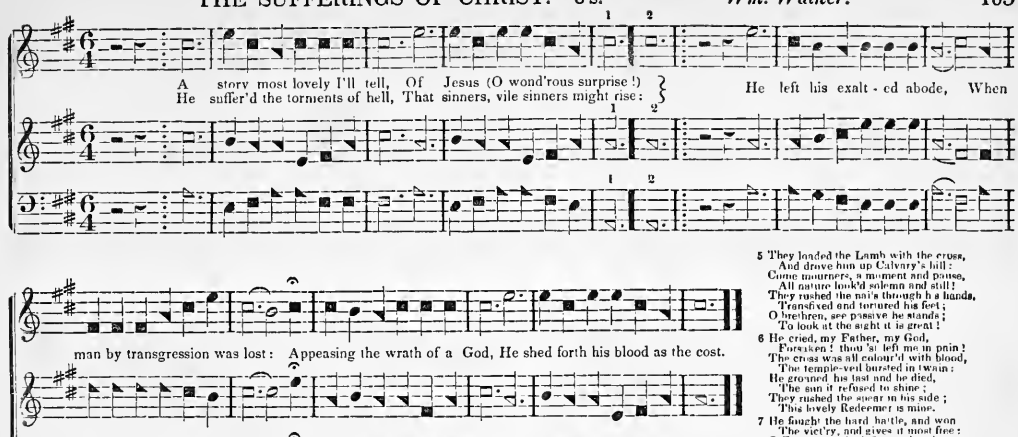
3 Thus holy, bright, museum hand,
Who hold the harps of God,
On Zion's holy mountain stand,
In garments tinged with blood;
Descending with most melting strains
Jehovah they'll adore; [plains,
Such shouts thro' earth's extensive
Were never heard before.

4 Let Satan rage, and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long;
Though saints are feeble, weak and poor,
Their great Redeemer's strong;
He is their shield and hiding place,
A covert from the wind;
A stream of life from Christ, the rock,
Runs through this weary land.

5 This crystal stream runs down from
It issues from the throne; [heav'n,
The sons of strife away are driv'n,
The church becomes but one;
This peaceful union she shall know,
And live upon his love,
And sing, and shout his name below,
As angels do above.

6 A thousand years shall roll around;
The church shall be complete,
Call'd by the glorious trumpet's sound
Then Saviour, they shall meet:
They'll rise with joy, and mount on
They'll fly to Jesus' arms; [high,
And gaze with wonder and delight
On their beloved's charms.

7 Like apples fair, his beauties are,
To feed and cheer the mind;
No earthly fruit doth so recruit,
Nor flagons fill'd with wine;
Their troubles o'er they'll grieve no
But sing in strains of joy; [more,
In raptures sweet, and bliss complete,
They'll feast and never cloy.



2 O, did my dear Jesus thus bleed,
And pity a ruin'd lost race!
O, whence did such mer y proceed,
Such boundless compassion and grace!
His body bore anguish and pain,
His spirit 'most sunk with the load,
A short time before he was slain,
His sweat was as great drops of blood

14

3 O, was it for crimes I had done,
The Saviour was hail'd with a kiss!
By Judas the traitor abuse;
Was ever compassion like this?
The ruffians all round to g hand,
Confin d him and led him away,
The cords wrapt around his sweet hands,
O sinners! look at him I pray.

4 To Pilate's stone pillar when led,
His body was lashed with whips:
It never by any was said,
A railing word dropt from his lips:
They made him a crown out of thorns;
They smote him and did him abuse;
They clothed him with crimson, in scorn,
And hail'd him, the King of the Jews.

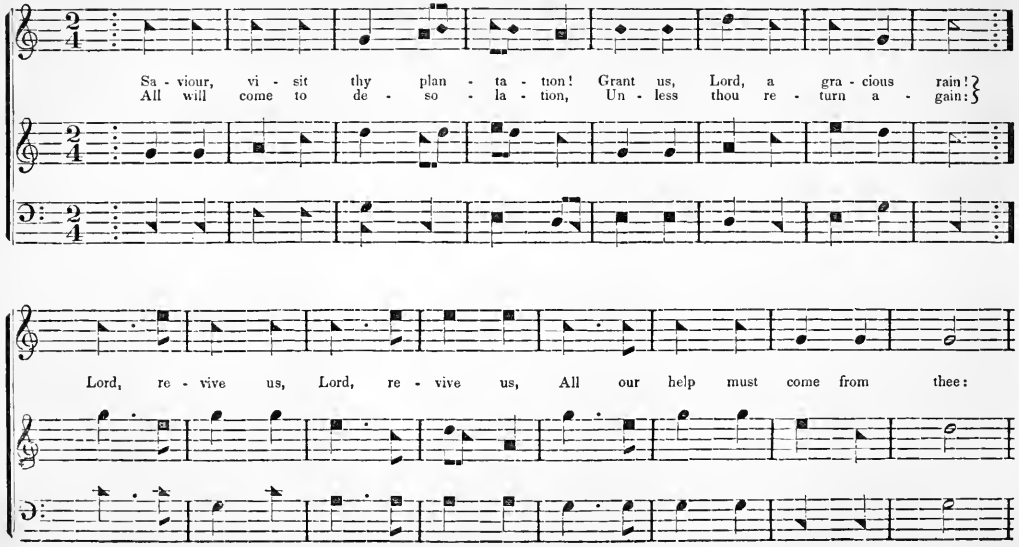
5 They loaded the Lamb with the cross,
And drove him up Calvary's hill:
Come mourners, a moment and pause,
All nature looked solemn and still!
They rushed the nails through h s hands,
Transfixed and tortured his feet;
O brethren, see passive he stands;
To look at the sight it is great!

6 He cried, my Father, my God,
Forsaken! thou'st left me in pain!
The cross was all colour'd with blood,
The temple-veil burst in twain:
He groaned his last and he died,
The sun it refused to shine;
They rushed the spear in his side;
This lovely Redeemer is mine.

7 He fought the hard battle, and won
The victry, and gives it most free:
O Christians! look forward and run,
In hopes that his kingdom you'll see;
When he in the clouds shall appear,
With angels all at his command,
And thous nds of Christians be there,
All singing with harps in a hand.

8 How pleasant and happy the view!
Enjoying such beams of delight!
His beauty to Christians he'll show,
O Jesus, I long for the sight!
I long to mount up in the skies,
In Paradise make my abode,
And sing of salvation on high,
And rest with a pacified God.

REVIVAL. 8,7,4.


Sa - viour, vi - sit thy plan - ta - tion! Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain!
All will come to de - so - la - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain:
Lord, re - vive us, Lord, re - vive us, All our help must come from thee:

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee. :‖:

3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green;
Then thy words our spirits nourish'd—
Happy seasons we have seen.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee. :‖:

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee. :‖:

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth?
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee. :‖:

6 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee. :‖:

7 Yonder plants—the sight how pleasant!—
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee. :‖:

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten thither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee. :‖:

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers:
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee. :‖:

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee. :‖:

NOT TOO LATE. 8,7

Wm. Walker

Ho! ye thirsty, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Pray on, mourners, &c.

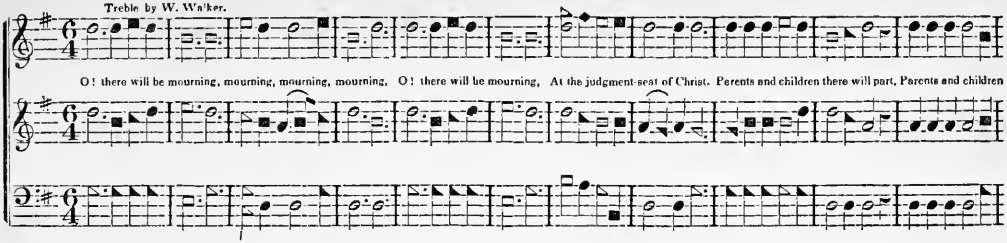
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.
Pray on, mourners, &c.

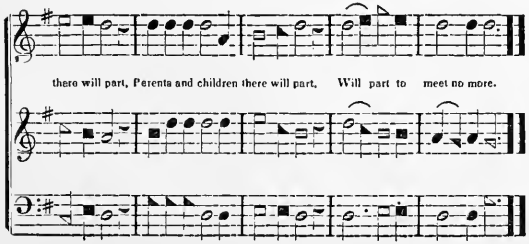
4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Pray on, mourners, &c.

5 View him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground your Saviour lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies.
Pray on, mourners, &c.

6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude.
Pray on, mourners, &c.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Pray on, mourners, &c.





2 Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Will part to meet no more.
O! there will be mourning, &c.

3 Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Will part to meet no more.
O! there will be mourning, &c.

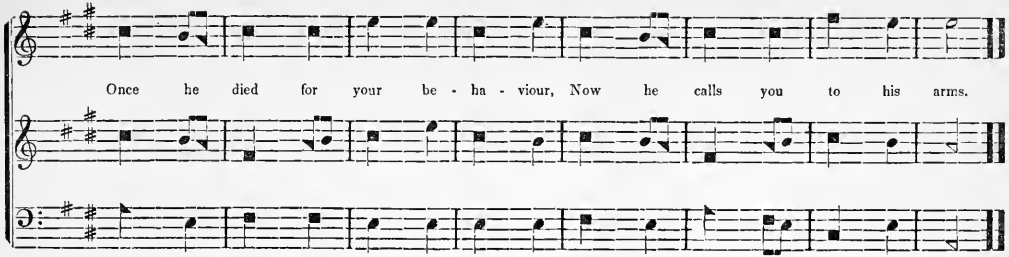
4 Friends and neighbours there will part,
Friends and neighbours there will part,
Friends and neighbours there will part,
Will part to meet no more.
O! there will be mourning, &c.

5 Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Will part to meet no more.
O! there will be mourning, &c.

6 Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.
O! there will be mourning, &c.

7 Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.
O! there will be shouting, &c

PLEADING SAVIOUR. 8,7.



2 Now he pleads his sweat and blood shed,
Shows his wounded hands and feet;
Father, save them, though they're blood-red,
Raise them to a heavenly seat.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

3 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day;
Turn from all your vain behaviour
O, repent, return, and pray.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

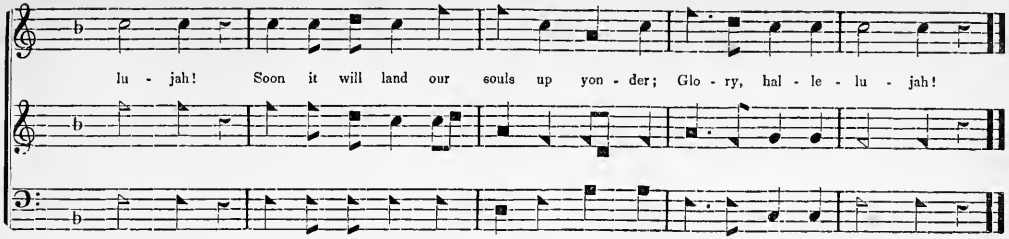
4 O, be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife;
Endless joy or dreadful anguish
Turn upon th' events of life.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

5 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee;
See what kindness, love, and pity,
Shine around on you and me.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

6 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in;
Now receive—and O, adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

7 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more;
O, ye blind, ye lame, and needy,
Come to Wisdom's boundless store.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

COME AND TASTE WITH ME. 7,7,7,7,7,7,9,6. *Wm. Walker.*



2 From our Father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than the honey-comb. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

3 Wherefore should I feast alone?
Two are better far than one. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

4 All that come with free good will,
Make the banquet sweeter still. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

5 Now I go to mercy's door,
Asking for a little more. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

6 Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

7 Goodness, running like a stream
Through the New Jerusalem, :‖:
And I will give, &c.

8 By a constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

9 Saints and angels sing aloud,
To behold the shining crowd, :‖:
And I will give, &c.

10 Coming in at mercy's door,
Making still the number more. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

11 Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Comfort flowing everywhere, :‖:
And I will give, &c.

12 And I boldly do profess
That my soul hath got a taste. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

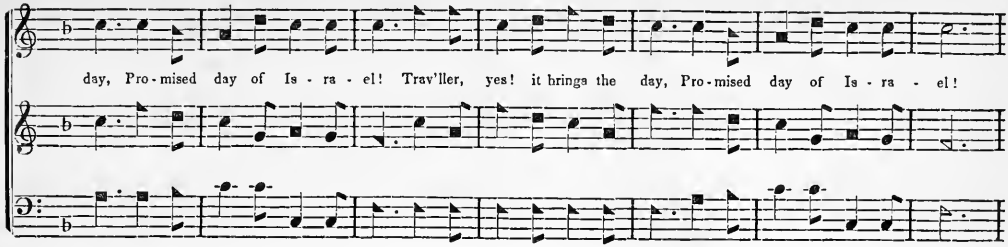
13 Now I'll go rejoicing home
From the banquet of perfume, :‖:
And I will give, &c.

14 Finding manna on the road,
Dropping from the throne of God. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

15 O, return, ye sons of grace,
Turn and see God's smiling face. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

16 Hark! he calls backsliders home,
Then from him no longer roam. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT. 7's.



Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ller, ages are its own,
See! it bursts o'er all the earth! :‖:

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come! :‖:

THE BLISSFUL PLACE. 9,8.

2 There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who suffer'd and worshipp'd with me;
Exalted with Christ high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.
That blissful place, &c.

3 There is a place where my Jesus reigns,
In realms of bright glory above,
And there for the faithful he retains
A crown full of joy and of love.
That blissful place, &c.

4 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a blissful abode;
The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
For there is the palace of God.
That blissful place, &c.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

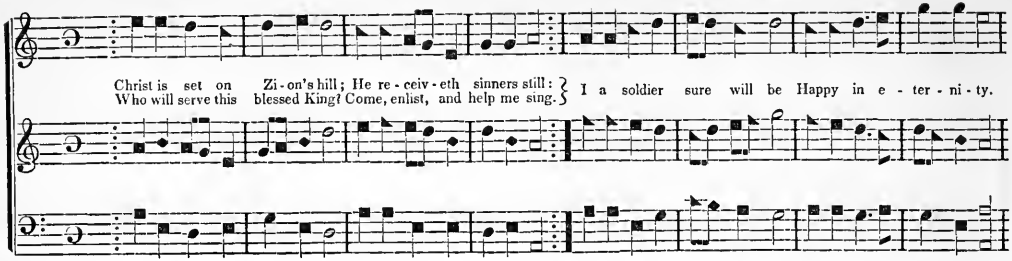
5 View him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground your Saviour lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not *this* suffice?

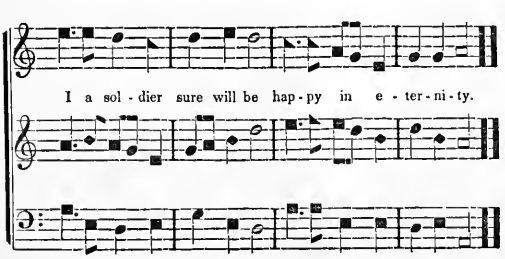
6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners *here* may sing the same.

ZION'S SOLDIER. 7's.

Wm. Walker.





2 I by faith enlisted am
In the service of the Lamb;
Present joy I now receive,
Future happiness he'll give.
I a soldier, &c.

3 Zion's King my captain is,
Conquest I shall never miss;
Let the fiends of hell engage,
Fret and fume and roar and rage,
I a soldier, &c.

4 Let the world their forces join,
With the fiends of hell combine;
Greater is my King than they,
Through him I shall win the day.
I a soldier, &c.

5 Wicked men I scorn to fear,
Though they persecute me here;
True, they may my body kill,
But my King 's on Zion's hill.
I a soldier, &c.

6 What a Captain I have got!
Is not mine a happy lot?
Hear, ye worldlings! hear my song,
This the language of my tongue.
I a soldier, &c.

7 When this life's short space is o'er,
I shall live to die no more;
Therefore will I take the sword,
Fight for Jesus Christ my Lord.
I a soldier, &c.

8 Come, ye worldlings! come, enlist;
'Tis the voice of Jesus Christ:
Whosoever will, may come;
Jesus Christ refuseth none.
I a soldier, &c.

9 Jesus is my Captain's name,
Now, as yesterday, the same;
In his name I notice give,
All who come he will receive.
I a soldier, &c.

10 Be persuaded—take his pay—
All your sins he 'll wash away;
Now in Jesus' name believe;
Future happiness he 'll give.
Yes! in heaven you sure will be
Praising God eternally.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
I want my friends, &c.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
I want my friends, &c.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
I want my friends, &c.

* In singing the chorus, omit the slurs, and sing as if there were none.

CHRYSTLER'S FIELD. 8,7.

Wm. Walker.

2 To God we 'll cry, and hell defy, though Satan roars like thunder;
The voice of prayer makes sinners stare, while fill'd with awe and wonder:
While music sweet makes some retreat, our Jesus still draws nigher;
His precious name lights up the flame that sets our souls on fire.

3 While grace divine in others shines, with such we are delighted;
With them we crowd, and sing so loud, poor sinners are affrighted:
The sweetest joys our powers employ, to see the cause advancing,
Though some go off, and boldly scoff, and say that we are dancing.

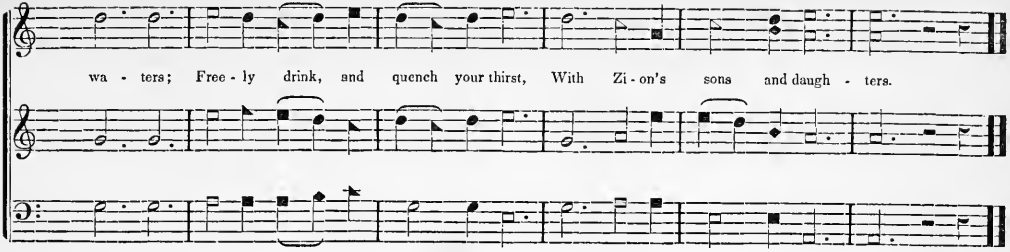
4 Some mournfully for mercy cry, and stubborn hearts are bended;
If we but smile, some say we 're wild, and so go off offended;
If souls are born, we bear the scorn;—let sinners tell this story—
For Jesus' name we 'll bear the blame, and give him all the glory.

5 But as we fly, we 'll always cry to God for their salvation:
O! God of love, send from above, and save the wicked nation!
Thy Spirit send, their hearts to bend; arrest them by thy thunder;
Let sweetest songs employ their tongues, while fill'd with joy and wonder.

6 The outward blaze sometimes decays: some Christians seem contented:
The world is sure their work is o'er—they 'll be no more tormented:
Some are afraid the Spirit 's fled, while others are offended:
But never fear; let 's persevere—the warfare is not ended.

7 To men unknown the end is grown:—we 've overcome temptation!
The cross we 'll bear, and not despair; we 'll joy in tribulation!—
The noisy scene comes on again; the shouting trump is sounded;
We find at length we 're gaining strength—our foes will be confounded!

COME YE TO THE WATERS. 8,7.



2 Come, all ye mourning, weeping souls,
Who long to be forgiven;
We bring glad tidings unto you,
From the high court of heaven.
Ho! every one, &c.

3 There is a fountain open wide,
For sin and all uncleanness,
Streaming from the Saviour's side
It flows in gospel fulness.
Ho! every one, &c.

4 O! seek the circumcising grace,
Be wise, do not refuse it;
For if you seek your life to save,
You will be sure to lose it.
Ho! every one, &c.

5 The cross of Christ you 'll have to bear,
Fearless of persecution,
Or groan you must, when time shall cease,
In darkness and confusion.
Ho! every one, &c.

6 Shall unbelief debar you from
The knowledge of your Saviour?
Believe, and you 'll be justified;
Believe, and live for ever.
Ho! every one, &c.

7 My night of sin and grief is gone,
My soul is fill'd with glory—
O for a thousand tongues to sing
Love's animating story!
Ho! every one, &c.

8 Let heaven and earth with me unite
To sing and shout hosanna;
The Lord has pardon'd all my sins,
And fill'd my soul with manna.
Ho! every one, &c.

9 Behold the crowd that 's gone before,
In paths of self-denial;
They stand on Canaan's happy shore,
And wait for your arrival.
Ho! every one, &c.

10 Come on, ye followers of the Lamb,
Be ready for to meet them;
Now let us join and persevere,
Till we arrive in heaven.
Ho! every one, &c.

11 There we will all together stand,
And praise our God and Father,
And sing and shout on Canaan's land,
For ever and for ever.
Ho! every one that thirsts!
Come ye to the waters;
Freely drink, and quench your thirst
With Zion's sons and daughters.

WILL YOU GO. 8,6,8,6,8,8,8,6.

Base and Treble by Wm. H. Langston.

2 We're going to walk the plains of light,
Will you go?
Where perfect day excludes the night;
Will you go?
Our sun will there no more go down,
In that blest land of great renown—
Our days of mourning past and gone.
Will you go?

3 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name:
Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share.
Will you go?

4 We're going where tears will never flow,
Will you go?
And sorrow we no more shall know;
Will you go?
'T is there the saints will die no more,
But live with Christ in heaven secure,
Their God and Saviour to adore.
Will you go?

5 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre:
Will you go?
There saints and angels sweetly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring.
Will you go?

6 Ye weary, heavy laden, come;
Will you go?
In the blest House there still is room:
Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe;
He 'll give thy troubled conscience ease.
Will you go?

7 Come, O backsliders, come away;
Will you go?
Return again to Christ, and say—
I will go?
Then he will thy backslidings heal
His love again he will reveal,
And pardon on thy conscience seal.
Will you go?

8 The way to heaven is free for all,
Will you go?
The Jew and Gentile—great and small:
Will you go?
Make up your mind—give God your heart;
With every sin and idol part,
Anew for glory make a start,
Come away!

9 The way to heaven is straight and plain;
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again:
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see:
Come to me!"

10 O! could I hear some sinner say,
I will go!
I 'll start this moment—clear the way!
Let me go!
My old companions, fare you well!
I will not go with you to hell;
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell.
Let me go! Fare you well!

THE SAINT'S EXULTATION. 7,6.

2 When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
Shout glory, halle, hallelujah!
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?
Shout glory, halle, hallelujah!
When we all get to heaven,
We will shout as loud again!
Shout glory, halle, hallelujah!

3 But now I am a soldier;
My Captain 's gone before;
Shout glory, &c.
He 's given me my orders
And bids me ne'er give o'er.
Shout glory, &c.

4 His promises are faithful—
A righteous crown he 'll give;
Shout glory, &c.
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.
Shout glory, &c.

5 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
Shout glory, &c.
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I 'll fly.
Shout glory, &c.

6 Farewell to sin and sorrow;
I bid them both adieu!
Shout glory, &c.
And, O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
Shout glory, &c.

7 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Shout glory, &c.
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Shout glory, &c.

8 Gird on the gospel armour
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Shout glory, &c.
And when the combat 's ended,
He 'll carry you above.
Shout glory, &c.

9 O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
Shout glory, &c.
And if you lack for knowledge,
He 'll not refuse to lend.
Shout glory, &c.

10 Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
Shout glory, &c.
He 'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.
Shout glory, &c.

11 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
Shout glory, &c.
And bid th' entombed millions
From their cold beds arise,
Shout glory, &c.

12 Our ransom'd dust, revived,
Bright beauties shall put on,
Shout glory, &c.
And soar to the blest mansions
Where our Redeemer 's gone.
Shout glory, &c.

13 Our eyes shall then with rapture
The Saviour's face behold;
Shout glory, &c.
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold.
Shout glory, &c.

14 Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing;
Shout glory, halle, hallelujah!
Our tongues shall chant the glories
Of our immortal King.
Shout glory, halle, hallelujah!
When we all get to heaven,
We will shout as loud again!
Shout glory, halle, hallelujah!

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?
O, Christians, &c.

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
O, Christians, &c.

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
O, Christians, &c.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
O, Christians, &c.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.
O, Christians, &c.

17

2 We shall see him as he is, by and by, when he comes,
We shall see him as he is, when he comes.
Ride on, &c.

3 We shall all with Christ appear, by and by, when he comes,
We shall all with Christ appear, when he comes.
Ride on, &c.

4 We shall have a mighty shout, by and by, when he comes,
We shall have a mighty shout, when he comes.
Ride on, &c.

5 Then the earth shall all be cleansed, by and by, when he comes,
Then the earth shall all be cleansed, when he comes.
Ride on, &c.

6 We shall shout above the fire, by and by, when he comes,
We shall shout above the fire, when he comes,
Ride on, &c,

THE WARFARE. 7's.

2 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Till, &c.
Glorious in his works and ways. Till, &c.

3 We are travelling home to God, Till, &c.
In the way the fathers trod; Till, &c.

4 They are happy now, and we—Till, &c.
Soon their happiness shall see. Till, &c.

5 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad! Till, &c.
Christ our advocate is made—Till, &c.

6 Us to save, our flesh assumes, Till, &c.
Brother to our souls becomes. Till, &c.

7 Shout, ye little flock, and blest! Till, &c.
You on Jesus' throne shall rest; Till, &c.

8 There your seat is now prepared, Till, &c.
There your kingdom and reward. Till, &c.

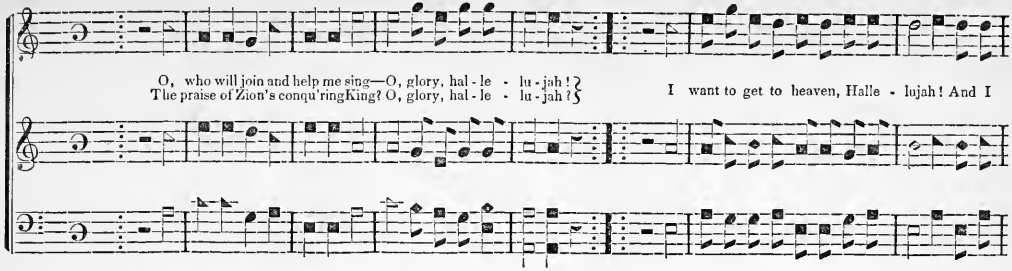
9 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand—Till, &c.
On the borders of your land. Till, &c.

10 Christ, your Father's darling Son, Till, &c.
Bids you undismay'd go on. Till, &c.

11 Lord! submissive make us go, Till, &c.
Gladly leaving all below. Till, &c.

12 Only thou our leader be, Till, &c.
And we still will follow thee,
Till the warfare is ended, Hallelujah!
Shout glory, children!
Till the warfare is ended, Hallelujah!

THE PILGRIM'S DESIRE. L. M.



2 By faith my journey I'll pursue, O, glory, &c.
And bid all earthly things adieu. O, glory, &c.
I want to get, &c.

3 I want my friends to go with me, O, glory, &c.
I'm bound for Canaan's land to see. O, glory, &c.
I want to get, &c.

4 I want to take them by the hand, O, glory, &c.
And march onto the promised land. O, glory, &c.
I want to get, &c.

5 My Jesus dwells on Zion's hill, O, glory, &c.
And faithful to his promise still. O, glory, &c.
I want to get, &c.

6 Then whosoever will, may come, O, glory, &c.
For Jesus Christ refuseth none. O, glory, &c.
I want to get, &c.

7 O! what a Captain I have got! O, glory, &c,
O! is not mine a happy lot? O, glory, &c.
I want to get, &c.

8 He surely is the sinner's friend, O, glory, &c.
And one that loves unto the end. O, glory, &c.
I want to get, &c.

9 I'm travelling through the wilderness, O, glory, &c.
And seeking for a heavenly rest. O, glory, &c.
I want to get, &c.

10 That rest in Jesus Christ is found, O, glory, &c.
And I will sing it all around. O, glory, &c.
I want to get, &c.

11 For fight I must, while here below; O, glory, &c.
The word of God has taught me so. O, glory, &c.
I want to get, &c.

12 Has taught me I shall conquerer be, O, glory, &c
In death and through eternity. O, glory, &c.
I want to get, &c.

13 My Jesus bids me still press on, O, glory, &c.
And reaches out to me a crown. O, glory, &c.
I want to get, &c.

14 He says to me, Be not afraid, O, glory, &c.
For I can save beyond the grave. O, glory, &c.
I want to get, &c.

15 O! while I'm singing of his name, O, glory, &c.
My soul begins to feel the flame. O, glory, &c.
I want to get, &c.

16 When he to me his presence gives, O, glory &c.
I know that my Redeemer lives. O glory, &c.
I want to get, &c.

CHRISTIAN PROSPECT. L. M.

Wm. Walker.

2 A few more beating winds and rains, O, glory, hallelujah!
And the winter will be over—Hallelujah!

3 A few more rising and setting suns, O, glory, hallelujah!
And we 'll all cross over Jordan—Hallelujah!

4 I feel no ways like getting tired, O, glory, hallelujah!
I am making for the harbour—Hallelujah!

5 I hope to get there by and by, O, glory, hallelujah!
For my home is over Jordan—Hallelujah!

6 I have some friends before me gone, O, glory, hallelujah!
By and by I 'll go and meet them—Hallelujah!

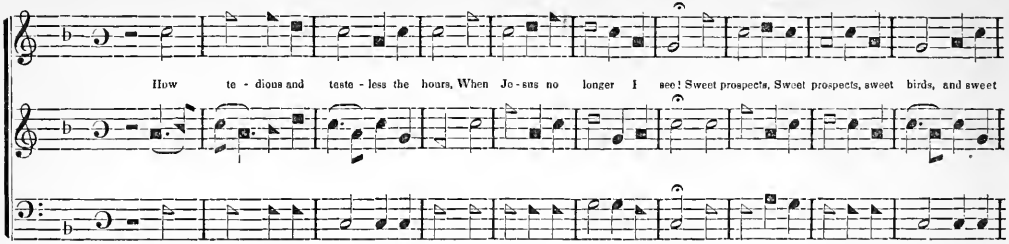
7 I 'll meet them round our Father's throne, O, glory, hallelujah!
And we 'll live with God for ever—Hallelujah!

8 O! how it lifts my soul to think, O, glory, hallelujah!
Of soon meeting in the kingdom—Hallelujah!

9 Our God will wipe all tears away, O, glory, hallelujah!
When we all arrive at Canaan—Hallelujah!

SWEET FLOWERS. 8's.

Wm. Walker.



2 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December 's as pleasant as May.

3 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

4 I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

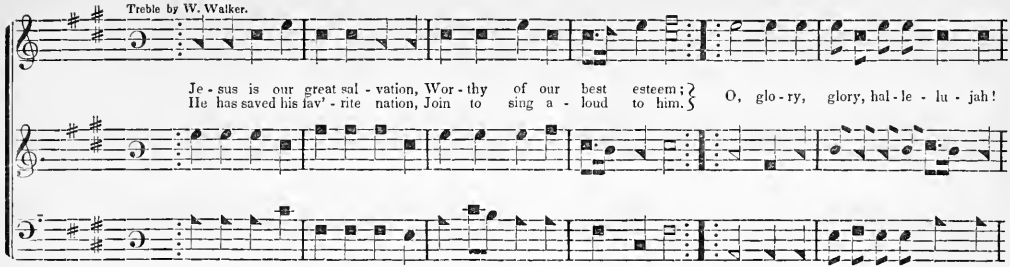
5 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.

6 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

7 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?

8 O, drive these dark clouds from my sky!
Thy soul-cheering presence restore!
Or take me up to thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more

ANIMATION. 8,7.



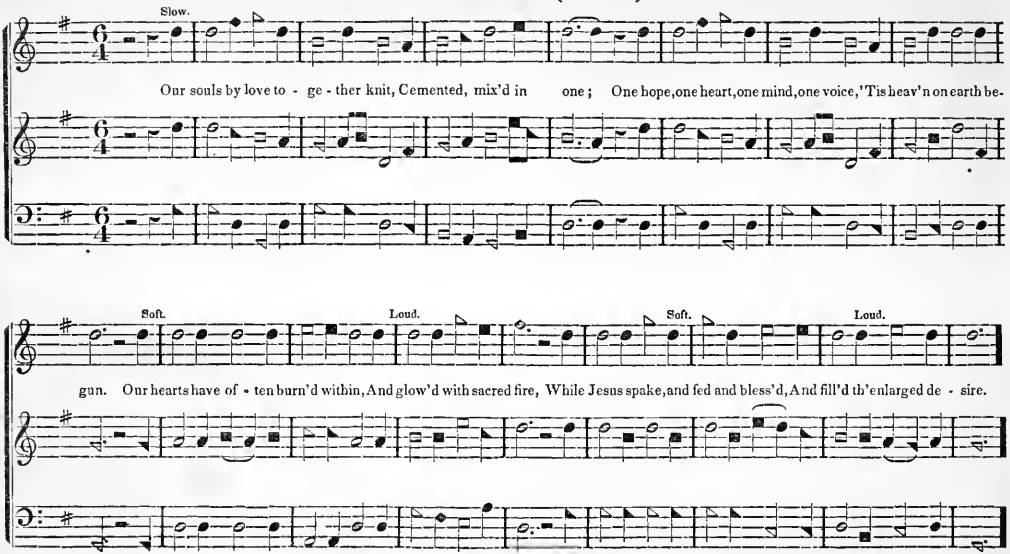
2 When involved in sin and ruin,
And no helper here was found,
Jesus our distress was viewing—
Grace did more than sin abound.
O, glory, &c.

3 Save us from a mere profession;
Save us from hypocrisy;
Give us, Lord, the sweet possession
Of thy righteousness and thee
O, glory, &c.

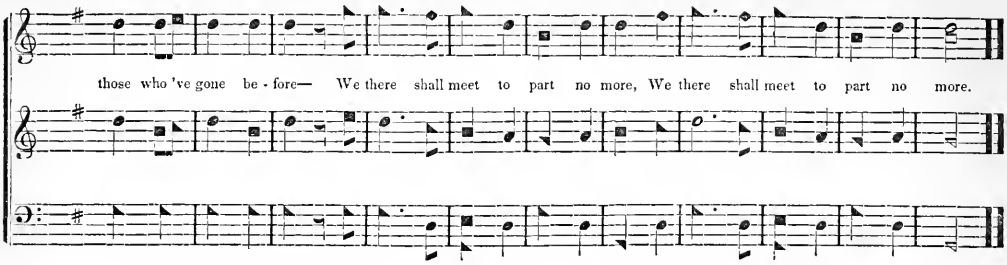
4 Let us never, Lord, forget thee;
Make us walk as pilgrims here;
We will give thee all the glory
Of the love that brought us near.
O, glory, &c.

5 Free election, known by calling,
Is a privilege divine;
Saints are kept from final falling—
All the glory, Lord, be thine!
O, glory, &c.

THE BAND OF LOVE. L. M. (AN ODE.)



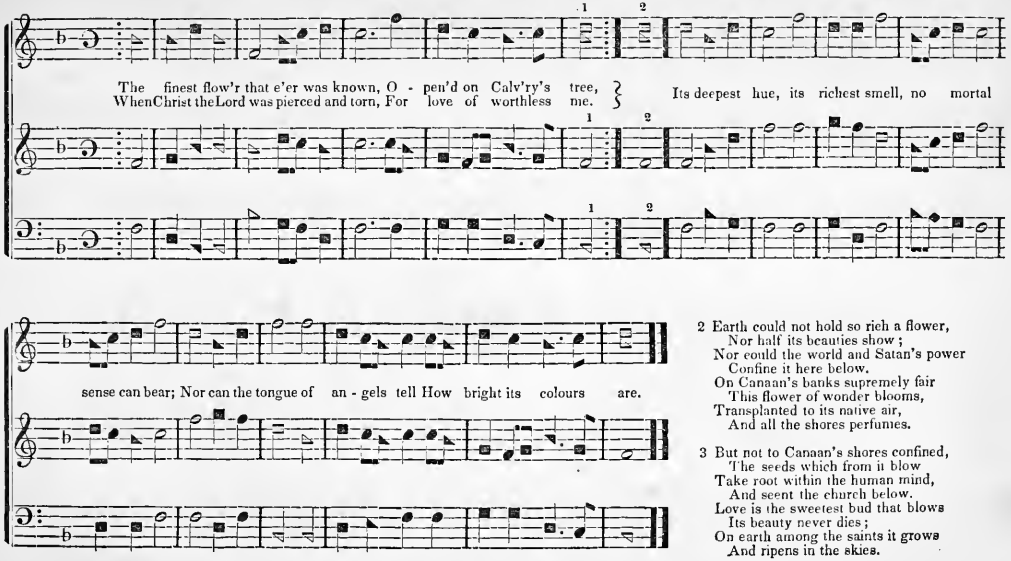
"A Saviour!" let cre - a - tion sing; "A Saviour!" let the heavens ring! 'Tis God with us— We
Cheerful.
feel him ours; His ful - ness in our souls he pours. 'T is al - most done— 't is al - most o'er— We 'll join with



2 We 're soldiers fighting for our God;
Let trembling cowards fly;
We 'll stand unshaken, firm and fix'd,
With Christ to live and die.
Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We 'll fight our passage through;
Let foes unite, and friends desert,
We 'll seize the crown in view.
"A Saviour!" &c.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We wait to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain:
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour a mighty flood;
O, sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.
"A Saviour!" &c.

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown,—
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own,—
May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.
"A Saviour!" &c.



2 Earth could not hold so rich a flower,
Nor half its beauties show;
Nor could the world and Satan's power
Confine it here below.
On Canaan's banks supremely fair
This flower of wonder blooms,
Transplanted to its native air,
And all the shores perfumes.

3 But not to Canaan's shores confined,
The seeds which from it blow
Take root within the human mind,
And scent the church below.
Love is the sweetest bud that blows
Its beauty never dies;
On earth among the saints it grows
And ripens in the skies.

RETURNING PRODIGAL. C. M.

Wm. Walker

2 Although he no relenting felt,
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinch'd him sore.
"O! I die," &c.

3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame, and fear?
My Father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.
O! I die, &c.

4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face;
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.
O! I die," &c.

5 His father saw him coming back—
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
"O! I die no more with hunger here," he cries,
Nor starve," &c.

6 "Father, I've sinn'd—but O, forgive!"
"I've heard enough," he said;
"Rejoice, my house—my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead."
"O! I die no more," &c.

7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again;
Was lost, but now is found!"
"O! I die no more," &c.

8 'T is thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.
"O! I die no more," &c.

MOUNT HOPE. (AN ODE.)

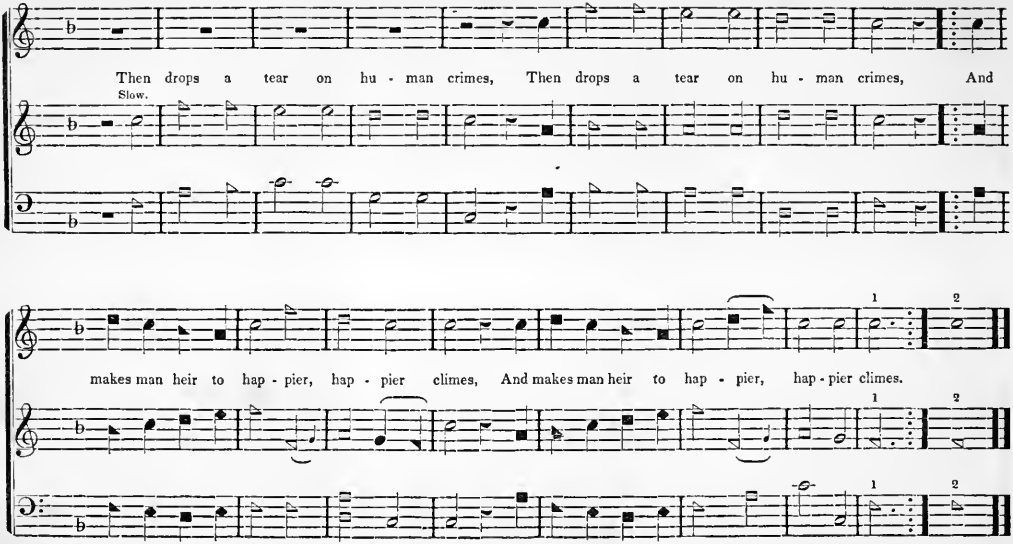
Dare.

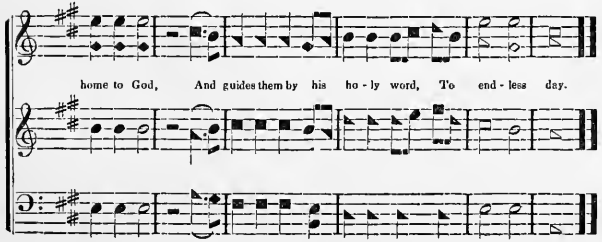
Treble by W. Walker.

Words by T. Odiorne.

e - cho back the sound. Be - hold! a God from heaven de - scends; Be - hold! a God from heaven de - scends; A
Grave.
Cheerful
Soft.
Loud.
cle - ment God kind au - dience lends, Pi - ties the plaint of woe, Sub - dues th' infer - nal foe.

MOUNT HOPE. *Concluded.*





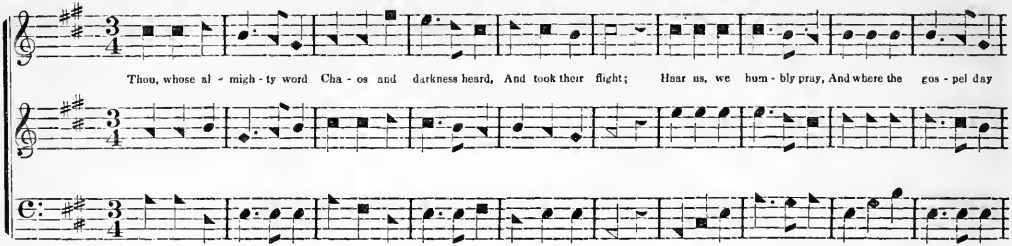
19

2 Hail, Jesus! all-victorious Lord,
Be thou by all thy works adored;
Who undertook for sinful man,
And brought salvation through thy name
That we with thee may ever reign,
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on!
And when the contest you have won,
The palm of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day.

4 There we shall in sweet chorus join,
And saints and angels all combine
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move;
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

LET THERE BE LIGHT. 6,6,4,6,6,4.



1 Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O! now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

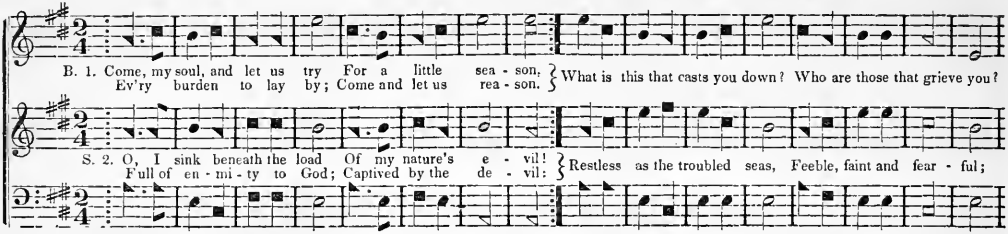
4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,—
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

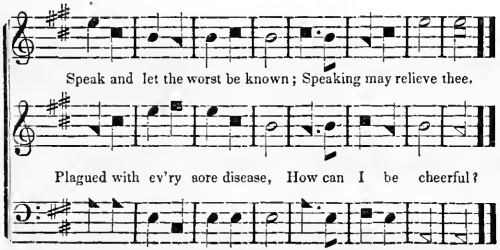
2 No human pow'r can stop the hour, wherein a mortal dies;
A Cæsar may be great to-day, yet death will close his eyes:
Though some do strive and do arrive to riches and renown,
Enjoying health and swim in wealth, yet death will bring them down.

3 Though beauty grace your comely face with roses white and red,
A dying fall will spoil it all, for Absalom is dead;
Though you acquire the best attire, appearing fine and fair,
Yet death will come into the room, and strip you naked there.

4 The princes high and beggars die, and mingle with the dust,
The rich, the brave, the negro slave, the wicked and the just;
Therefore prepare to meet thy God, before it be too late,
Or else you'll weep, lament and cry, lost in a ruin'd state.

BELIEVER AND HIS SOUL. (A DIALOGUE.) 7,6. *Wm. Walker.*





B. 3 Think on what thy Saviour bore,
In the gloomy gardeo;
Sweating blood at every pore,
To procure thy pardon.
See him stretch'd upon the wood,
Bleeding, grieving, crying!
Suffering all the wrath of God,
Groaning, gasping, dying!

S. 4 This by faith I sometimes view,
And those views relieve me;
But my nose return anew,
These are they that grieve me.
O, I'm leprous, filthy, foul,
Quite throughout infected!
Have not I, if any soul,
Cause to be dejected?

B. 5 Think how loud thy dying Lord
Cried out "it is finish'd!"
Treasure up that sacred word,
Whole and undiminish'd.
Doubt not, he will carry on,
To its full perfection,
That good work he has begun;
Why then this dejection?

S. 6 Faith, when void of works, is dead;
This the Scriptures witness:
And what works have I to plead,
Who am all unfitness?
All my powers are depraved,
Blind, perverse and filthy;
If from death I'm fully saved,
Why am I not healthy?

B. 7 Pore not on thyself too long,
Lest it sink then lower;
Look to Jesus, kind as strong,
Mercy join'd with power.
Every work that thou must do
Will thy gracious Saviour
For thee work, and in thee too
Of his special favour.

S. 8 Jesus' precious blood once spilt,
I depend on solely,
To release and bear my guilt;
But I would be holy.

B. He that bought you on the cross
Can control thy natures;
Fully purge away thy dross;
Make thee a new creature.

S. 9 That he can, I nothing doubt,
Be it but his pleasure;

B. Though it be not done throughout,
May it not in measure?

S. When that measure, far from great,
Still shall seem decreasing—

B. Faint not, then, but pray and wait,
Never, never ceasing.

S. 10 What! when prayer meets no regard?

B. Still repeat it often.

S. But I feel myself so hard—

B. Jesus will thee soften.

S. But my enemies make head—

B. Let them closer drive thee.

S. But I'm cold, I'm dark, I'm dead—

B. Jesus will revive thee.

THE FEMALE PILGRIM. 8,7.

2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Wandering o'er this waste so wide;
Yet no harm will e'er befall me
While I'm blest with such a guide.
I am bound, &c.

3 Such a guide!—No guide attends thee;
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriends thee,
'T is unseen by mortal eyes.
I am bound, &c.

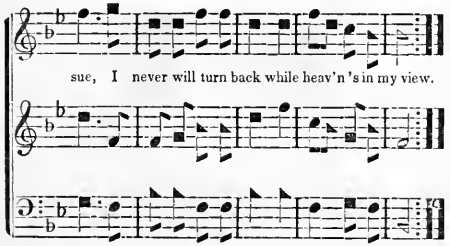
4 Yes, unseen—but still believe me,
Such a guide my step attends:
He'll in every strait relieve me—
He from every harm defends.
I am bound, &c.

5 Pilgrim! see that stream before thee!
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves run o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
I am bound, &c.

6 No: that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I bend;
There to plunge will be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.
I am bound, &c.

7 While I gazed—with speed surprising
Down the stresm she plunged from sight;
Gazing still, I saw her rising
Like an angel, clothed with light.
I am bound, &c.

HEAVENLY HOME. L. M. Chorus 11's.



2 By faith my journey I'll pursue, I never will, &c.
And bid all earthly things adieu. I never will, &c.
Heav'n is my home, &c.

3 I want my friends to go with me, I never will, &c.
I'm bound for Canaan's land to see. I never, &c.
Heav'n is my home, &c.

4 I want to take them by the hand, I never will, &c.
And march into the promised land. I never, &c.
Heav'n is my home, &c.

5 My Jesus dwells on Zion's hill, I never will, &c.
And faithful to his promise still. I never will, &c.
Heav'n is my home, &c.

6 Then whosoever will, may come, I never will, &c.
For Jesus Christ refuseth none. I never will, &c.
Heav'n is my home, &c.

7 O! what a Captain I have got! I never will, &c.
O! is not mine a happy lot? I never will, &c.
Heav'n is my home, &c.

8 He surely is the sinner's friend, I never will, &c.
And one that loves unto the end. I never will, &c.
Heav'n is my home, &c.

9 I'm travelling through the wilderness, I never, &c.
And seeking for a heavenly rest. I never will, &c.
Heav'n is my home, &c.

10 That rest in Jesus Christ is found, I never, &c.
And I will sing it all around. I never will, &c.
Heav'n is my home, &c.

11 For fight I must, while here below; I never, &c.
The word of God has taught me so. I never, &c.
Heav'n is my home, &c.

12 Has taught me I shall conqueror be, I never, &c.
In death and through eternity. I never will, &c.
Heav'n is my home, &c.

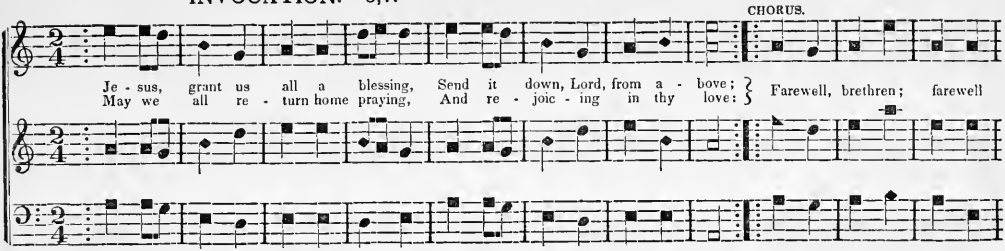
13 My Jesus bids me still press on, I never will, &c.
And reaches out to me a crown. I never will, &c.
Heav'n is my home, &c.

14 He says to me, Be not afraid, I never will, &c.
For I can save beyond the grave. I never will, &c.
Heav'n is my home, &c.

15 O! while I'm singing of his name, I never, &c.
My soul begins to feel the flame. I never will, &c.
Heav'n is my home, &c.

16 When he to me his presence gives, I never, &c.
I know that my Redeemer lives. I never will, &c.
Heav'n is my home, &c.

INVOCATION. 8,7.



2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin:
Farewell, brethren; farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet above.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us
To each one's respective home;
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us every one:
Farewell, brethren; farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home.

SONS OF WAR. 8,8,8,7.

Wm. Walker.

3 The bounty you shall have in hand,
If you will list in Jesus' band,
Your captain in the front will stand,
And beat your foes before you;
Come throw your rebel weapons down,
And seek for honour and renown,
And you shall wear a starry crown,
For Jesus will support you.

4 You long have been the slaves of sin,
With dire corruption deep within,
The Christian warfare now begin,
And face Apollyon's forces;
The breast-plate take of righteousness,
Your feet be shod with gospel peace,
Be daily at the throne of grace,
And Jesus will support you.

5 Desert the cause of Heaven's foe,
Before you plunge in endless woe.
Now courage take, to Jesus go,
And he will now receive you;
From sin and Satan you'll get free,
And happy seasons you shall see,
And gain the Christian's liberty.
For Jesus will support you.

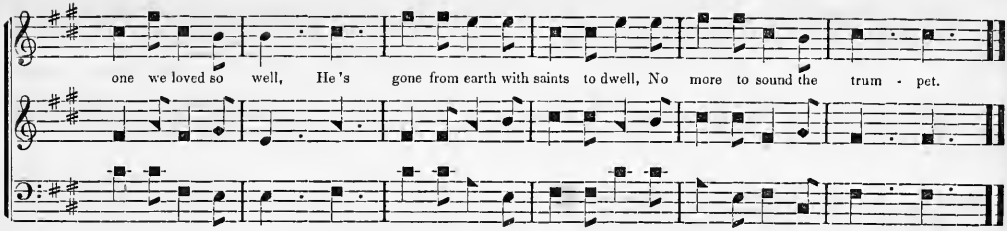
6 No more in Satan's ranks appear,
But to our banner pray draw near,
We'll win the day, you need not fear,
Though earth and hell oppose us;
Our captain he is always brave,
And able still his men to save,
He conquer'd death, hell, and the grave,
And he will still support you.

7 Let not sinners you affright,
Although they rage and vent their spite,
Wear but the Christian's armour right,
And none can stand before you:
Although your parents should oppose,
Your dearest friends become your foes,
Yet sweetly with the gospel close,
And Jesus will support you.

8 And when the war is at an end,
Our captain still will be our friend,
We'll wing our way and up ascend
To reign with him in glory;
Then shall our tears be wiped away,
Our night be turn'd to endless day,
And on our golden harps we'll play
The joyful song of heaven.

THE PILGRIM'S HOPE. 8,8,8,7.

D. W. Andrews.



2 He had his bitters and his sweets,
While we beheld him sow and weep,
But now in death his body sleeps
Until the judgment morning;
He then will rise and shout aloud,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds,
And reign forever with the Lord,
Being waken'd by the trumpet.

3 His zeal was great, and oft he'd call,
For while he stood on Zion's wall
He cried to all, both great and small,
Come, sinners, to the wedding:
He preach'd the truth, it reach'd the heart
And made God's children loth to part—
To those in sin, whose minds were dark,
He'd sound the gospel trumpet.

4 The widow and the fatherless,
The sick and those that were distress'd,
He from his earthly store did bless,
Just like a tender father;
His children too he early taught
To seek the robe that Jesus wrought,
And to his servants often talk'd,
And thus he'd sound the trumpet.

5 He now is gone—left us below—
And so we all must shortly go,
We'll meet in heaven, and then we'll know
And sing the songs of heaven:
He wore away from day to day,
I often saw him while he lay,
And thus to me he oft would say—
Still blow the gospel trumpet.

6 He oft would say, I long to go,
I'll then be free from pain and woe,
I'll bid farewell to all below,
I have a home in glory;
At length his Father calls, come home,
For in those mansions there is room,
And thus he ripen'd for the tomb,
No more to blow the trumpet.

7 He call'd his children round his bed—
On Jesus' breast he lean'd his head—
Farewell, farewell children, he said,
Prepare to meet in glory:
All glory be to God, he cried,
And thus he closed his eyes and died;
On wings of love his soul did fly
To meet his smiling Saviour.

8 Come, brethren, let us pray for grace,
That we may run the heavenly race,
And never, never slack our pace
Till we get home to heaven:
And when we reach fair Canaan's land,
We'll no more take the parting hand,
But join in one celestial band
To praise the Lord of glory.

9 Come, sinners, now a warning take,
And ask the Lord ere 'tis too late;
Oh, turn about for Jesus' sake!
For Jesus died to save you:
Once more I ask you, will you go
To Jesus and be saved from woe?
For he is willing I do know
To save your souls from ruin.

10 That awful day is rolling on,
When you will say, my joys are gone,
And wish you never had been born,
Unless you seek the Saviour;
Again once more to you I'll say,
Come, now begin to seek and pray,
And enter in the good old way,
And live and die rejoicing.

Note. This song was composed on the death of Elder Joshua Halbert, Minister of the Gospel, by Rev. David W. Andrews.

THE CHRISTIAN MARINER. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

Treble by Wm. Walker.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guard me with his eye:
My anchor, hope, will firm abide,
And ev'ry boisterous storm outride.

4 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss:
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss:
For more the treach'rous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

5 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast;
Oh may I gain the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves disturb no more.

6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace:
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destined place;
There in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

1. Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hasten'd at the ear - ly dawn,
Spice she brought and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone;
For awhile she ling'ring stood,
2. But her sorrows quickly fled, When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead, Now he bids her heart re - joice:
What a change his word can make,
Fill'd with sorrow and sur - prise, Trembling, while a chrystal flood Is - sued from her weeping eyes.
turning darkness in - to day; Ye who weep for Je - sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a - way.

I LOVE TO SERVE THE LORD. L. M.

Wm. Walker.

3 The way the holy prophets went, And, &c.
The road that leads from banishment, And, &c.
I am done with the world, &c.

4 The king's highway of holiness, And, &c.
I'll go, for all his paths are peace, And, &c.
I am done with the world, &c.

5 This is the way I long have sought, And, &c.
And mourn'd because I found it not, And, &c.
I am done with the world, &c.

6 My grief, my burden long has been, And, &c.
Because I could not cease from sin, And, &c.
I am done with the world, &c.

7 The more I strove against its pow'r, And, &c.
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more, And, &c.
I am done with the world, &c.

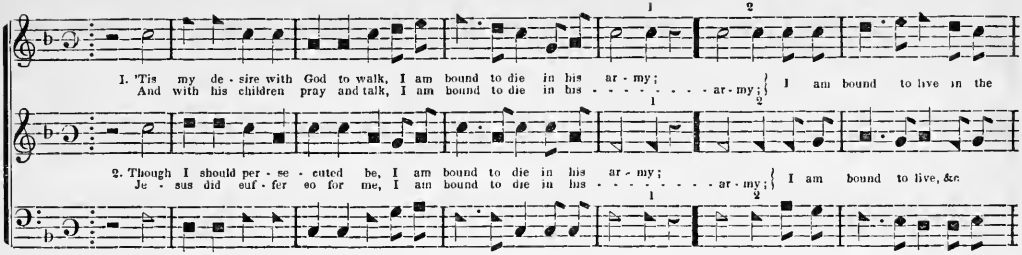
8 'Till late I heard my Saviour say, And, &c.
"Come hither, soul, I am the way," And, &c.
I am done with the world, &c.

9 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb, And, &c.
Shalt take me to thee as I am, And, &c.
I am done with the world, &c.

10 My sinful self to thee I give, And, &c.
Nothing but love I shall receive, And &c.
I am done with the world, &c.

11 Then will I tell to sinners round, And, &c.
What a dear Saviour I have found, And, &c.
I am done with the world, &c.

12 I'll point to thy redeeming blood, And, &c.
And say, Behold the way to God, And, &c.
I am done with the world, &c.



3 'T is my desire baptized to be; I am, &c.
As a command, O Lord, from thee; I am, &c.
I am bound to live in the service, &c.

4 To be baptized, like Christ my God,
Who was immersed in Jordan's flood.
I am bound to live in the service, &c.

5 'T is my desire, around thy board
To meet the saints, my dearest Lord;
I am bound to live in the service, &c.

6 In union with thy church to be,
And oft commune with them and thee.
I am bound to live in the service, &c.

7 'T is my desire to bear the cross,
And yield to all my Saviour's laws;
I am bound to live in the service, &c.

8 To follow where my Jesus leads,
In all his words, in all his deeds.
I am bound to live in the service, &c.

9 'T is my desire to flee from sin; I am, &c.
And ever keep my conscience clean; I am, &c.
I am bound to live in the service, &c.

10 For Christ to count all things but loss!
And glory in my Saviour's cross.
I am bound to live in the service, &c

11 'T is my desire to watch and pray,
And serve the Lord from day to day;
I am bound to live in the service, &c.

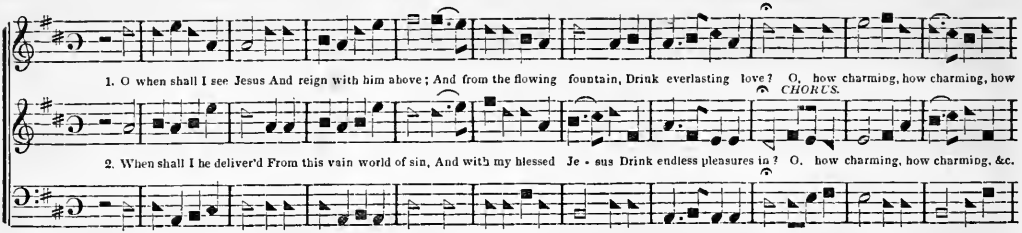
12 To own that Jesus is my King,
And yield to him in every thing.
I am bound to live in the service, &c.

13 'T is my desire, above the rest,
To lean upon my Saviour's breast;
I am bound to live in the service, &c.

14 To live as I would wish to die,
And then to dwell with God on high.
I am bound to live in the service, &c.

OH. HOW CHARMING. 7,6.

Wm. Walker



3 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er.

4 His promises are faithful—
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.

5 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.

6 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu—
And O, my friends prove faithful,
And in your way pursue.

7 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.

8 Gird on the gospel armour
Of faith, and truth, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
You'll rise to God above.

9 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.

10 Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
But give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

11 Our race will soon be ended,
And we'll ascend to God,
To dwell with precious Jesus,
Who bought us with his blood.

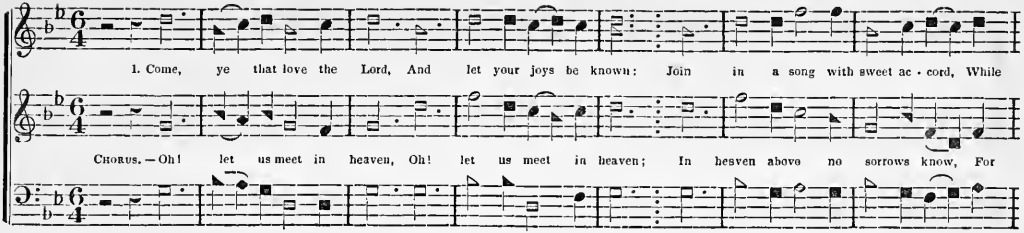
12 With saints we'll join to praise him
For grace divinely free,
And rise in glorious raptures
To all eternity.

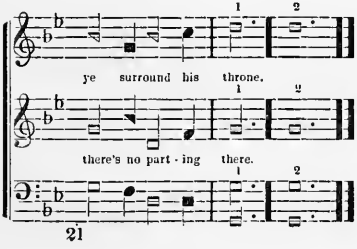
13 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entomb'd millions
From their cold beds arise;

14 Our ransom'd dust, revived,
New beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansion
Where our Redeemer's gone.

15 Our eyes shall then, with rapture,
The Saviour's face behold;
Our face, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold;

16 Our ears will hear with transport
The heste celestial sing;
Our tongues shall chant the praise
Of our immortal King.





2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:

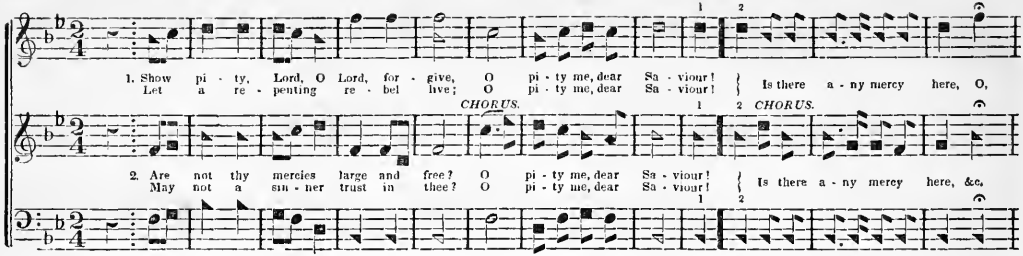
6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:

8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HUMBLE PENITENT. L. M.

Wm. Walker.



3 My crimes are great, but dan't surpass
O pity me, dear Saviour,
The power and glory of thy grace;
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

4 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
O pity me, dear Saviour,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

5 O! wash my soul from every sin!
O pity me, dear Saviour,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

Here on my heart the burden lies
O pity me, dear Saviour,
And past offences pain my eyes.
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

7 My lips with shame my sins confess,
O pity me, dear Saviour,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

8 Lord, should thy judgements graw severe,
O pity me, dear Saviour,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

9 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
O pity me, dear Saviour,
I must pronounce thee just in death
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

10 And if my soul were sent to hell,
O pity me, dear Saviour,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

11 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
O pity me, dear Saviour,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

12 Would light on some sweet promise there,
O pity me, dear Saviour,
Some sure support against despair.
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

3 I love to live a shouting,
I feel my Saviour in my soul,
Sweet heaven! drawing nigher,
I feel the living waters roll.
Shout Oh! glory, for the glory is begun,
And I'll shout glory while the work is going on.

4 The time is fast approaching
When all religion will be tried,
When Jesus with his jewels
Will ornament his lovely bride.
Shout Oh! glory, for my soul is full of love,
And I'll shout glory when I meet you all above.

5 I see the flame arising,—
Had I the pinions of a dove
My soul would then realize
The wonders of redeeming love.
Shout Oh! glory for there's glory in my soul,
And I'll glory while I feel the current roll.

6 The current is a spreading
And sinners coming home to God,
A weeping and a mourning,
And finding favour in the Lord.
Shout Oh! glory, and my song shall never end,
And I'll shout glory to the sinner's dearest friend.

LOVEST THOU ME. 7's.

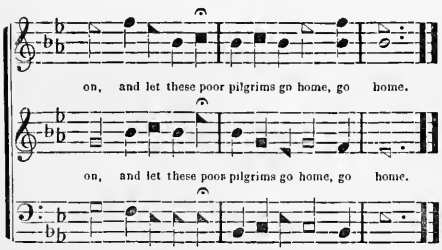
Wm. Walker.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember the."
Hark! hark! 'tis the voice, &c.

4 "Mine is a redeeming love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free and faithful, strong as death."
Hark! hark! 'tis the voice, &c.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
Hark! hark! 'tis the voice, &c.

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love thee, and adore;
Oh for grace to love thee more!
Hark! hark! 'tis the voice, &c.



8 He saw me wandering far from God,
He call'd me oft and very loud,
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, &c.

4 Till by the entreaties of his tongue
He roused my heart and brought me home.
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, &c.

5 He's kept me safe these many years,
Sometimes thro' hope, sometimes thro' fears.
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, &c.

6 Sometimes my soul would mount on high,
Like warbling larks towards the sky.
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, &c.

7 Sometimes I'm like the lonesome dove,
Mourning, she flies through all the grove;
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, &c.

8 With notes of grief I then complain,
Till my dear Lord returns again.
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, &c.

9 My sun has pass'd the meridian line,
My body's to the dust inclined;
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, &c.

10 But still my mind moves gently on,
To meet my Lord upon his throne.
Roll on, roll oo, sweet moments, &c.

11 Then fly, my sun, fast to the west,
Since I shall be with Jesus blest;
Roll on, roll on, sweet momeots, &c.

12 And join the song near to the throne,
Where sin and sorrow ne'er were known.
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, &c.

13 Farewell, my brethren, all in pain,
The Lord who hears you oft complain,
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, &c.

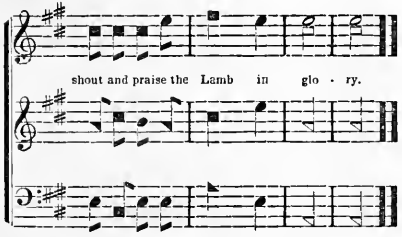
14 Your darkness soon will turn to day,
And chase your doubts and fears away.
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, &c.

15 Farewell, dear people, whom I love,
Prepare to meet me soon above,
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, &c.

16 Where we shall join to sing and tell
How Jesus saved our souls from hell.
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, &c.

17 There we shall be with Jesus blest,
In that eternal world of rest.
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, &c.

18 On golden harps to sing and tell
Redemption through Emmanuel.
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, &c.



3 I'm glad that I am born to die,
From grief and wo my soul shall fly;
O what a happy time, &c.

4 Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.
O what a happy time, &c.

5 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
I hope to praise him after death;
O what a happy time, &c.

6 I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.
O what a happy time, &c.

7 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
O what a happy time, &c

8 Kind angels beckon me away,
To sing his praise in endless day.
O what a happy time, &c.

9 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
O what a happy time, &c.

10 Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
O what a happy time, &c.

11 There I shall see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode;
O what a happy time, &c.

12 My theme, through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be:
O what a happy time, &c.

8 I've fought through many a battle sore,
Till the warfare is over hallelujah!
And I must fight through many more;
Till the warfare is over, &c.

4 I take my breast-plate, sword and shield,
Till the warfare is over hallelujah!
And boldly march into the field.
Till the warfare is over, &c.

5 The world, the flesh, and Satan too,
Till the warfare is over hallelujah!
Unite and strive what they can do;
Till the warfare is over, &c.

6 On thee, O Lord, I humbly call,
Till the warfare is over hallelujah!
Uphold me or my soul must fall.
Till the warfare is over, &c.

7 I've listed, and I mean to fight,
Till the warfare is over hallelujah!
Till all my foes are put to flight;
Till the warfare is over, &c.

8 And when the victory I have won,
Till the warfare is over hallelujah
I'll give the praise to God alone.
Till the warfare is over, &c.

9 Come, Fellow-Christians, join with me,
Till the warfare is over hallelujah!
Come, face the foe, and never flee;
Till the warfare is over, &c.

10 The heavenly battle is begun,
Till the warfare is over hallelujah!
Come, take the field and win the crown.
Till the warfare is over, &c.

11 With listing orders I have come;
Till the warfare is over hallelujah!
Come rich, come poor, come old or young,
Till the warfare is over, &c.

12 Here's grace's bounty, Christ has given,
Till the warfare is over hallelujah!
And glorious crowns laid up in heaven:
Till the warfare is over, &c.

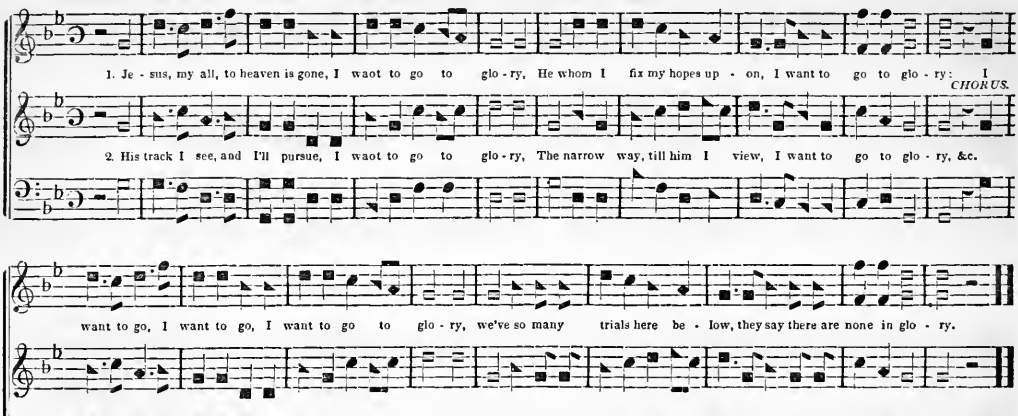
13 Our Gen'ral, he is gone before,
Till the warfare is over hallelujah!
And you may draw on grace's store;
Till the warfare is over, &c.

14 But, if you will not list and fight,
Till the warfare is over hallelujah!
You'll sink into eternal night;
Till the warfare is over, &c.

I WANT TO GO TO GLORY. L. M.

As sung by Rev. L. M. Little.

Wm. Walker.



3 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
I want to go to glory, &c.

4 The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace,
I want to go to glory &c.

5 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
I want to go to glory, &c.

6 My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin;
I want to go to glory &c.

7 The more I strove against its power
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
I want to go to glory, &c.

8 Till late I heard my Saviour Say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
I want to go to glory &c.

9 Lo! glad I come, & thou, blest Lamb
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
I want to go to glory, &c.

10 Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive:
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11 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I want to go to glory, &c.

12 I'll point to thy redeeming love,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"
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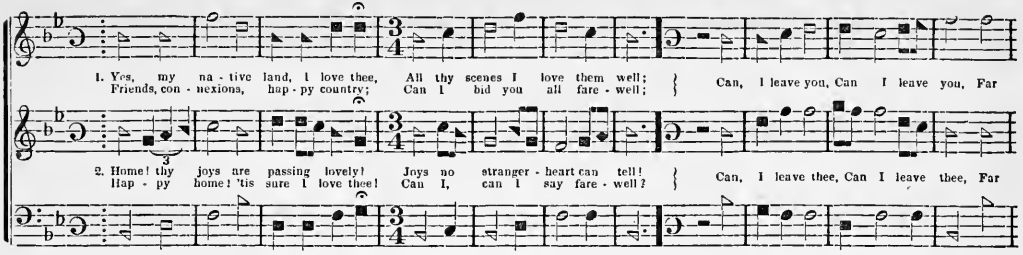

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell? :||:

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell. :||:

5 In the deserts let me labour,
On the mountains let me tell
How He died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten—
Far in heathen lands to dwell. :||:

6 Bear me on, thou restless Ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I leave thee,
Native land!—Farewell—Farewell! :||:

THE HOLY WAR. L. M. Chorus 6,7,11

3 I've fought through many a battle sore,
And I must fight through many more;
And we'll all shout for joy, &c.

4 I take my breast-plate, sword and shield,
And boldly march into the field.
And we'll all shout for joy, &c.

5 The world, the flesh, and Satan too,
Unite and strive what they can do;
And we'll all shout for joy, &c.

6 On thee, O Lord, I humbly call,
Uphold me or my soul must fall.
And we'll all shout for joy, &c.

7 I've listed, and I mean to fight,
Till all my foes are put to flight;
And we'll all shout for joy, &c.

8 And when the victory I have won,
I'll give the praise to God alone.
And we'll all shout for joy, &c.

9 Come, Fellow-Christians, join with me,
Come, face the foe, and never flee;
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And glorious crowns laid up in heaven:
And we'll all shout for joy, &c.

13 Our Gen'ral, he is gone before,
And you may draw on grace's store;
And we'll all shout for joy, &c.

14 But, if you will not list and fight,
You'll sink into eternal night;
And we'll all shout for joy, &c.

4 See, my friends, in that the Saviour,
Who was crown'd with cruel thorns?
Glorious majesty and power
Now his sacred head adorns:
Hallelujah!
That dear head no more shall bleed.

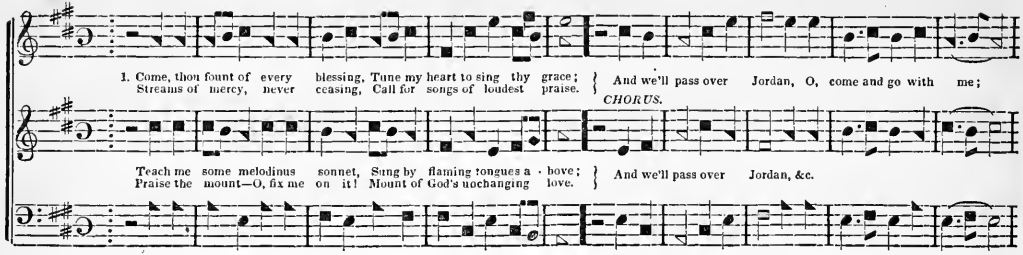
5 Is that he, who died on Calvary,
Who was pierced with many a spear?
Clad with countless suns of glory,
See, he rises through the air:
Hallelujah!
Zion's mourner, now rejoice.

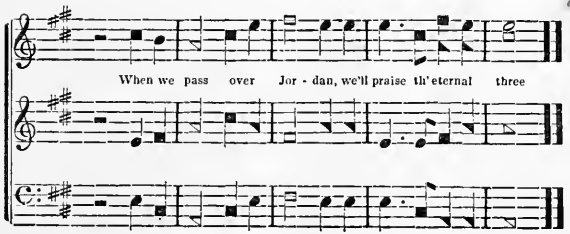
6 Was the person, then, so glorious,
Which the Jews so marr'd and spoil'd?
Yes, ye saints, we own his Godhead,
Though by some he is reviled;
All creation
Soon shall own him Lord of all.

7 Tremble, ye who him rejected,
Lo! he breaks through yonder cloud;
Rise, ye saints, and shout triumphant,
Victory! through Jesus' blood.
Hark the trumpet
Sounds the resurrection morn.

JORDAN. 8,7.

Miss M. T. Durham.



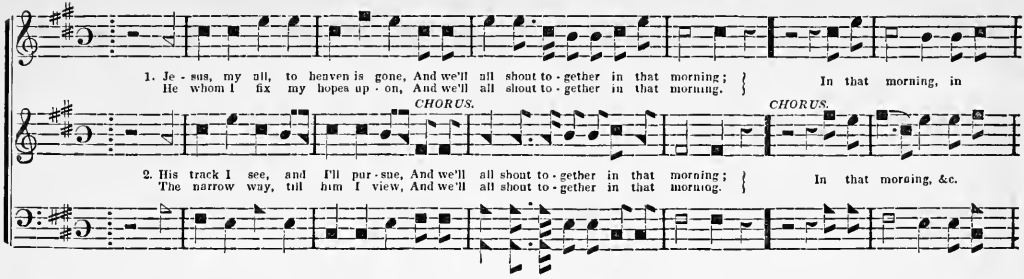


3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come:
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
And we'll pass over Jordan, &c.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
And we'll pass over Jordan, &c.

5 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
And we'll pass over Jordan, &c.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.
And we'll pass over Jordan &c.



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Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
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10 Nothing but sin have I to give,
And we'll all shout together, &c.
Nothing but love shall I receive:
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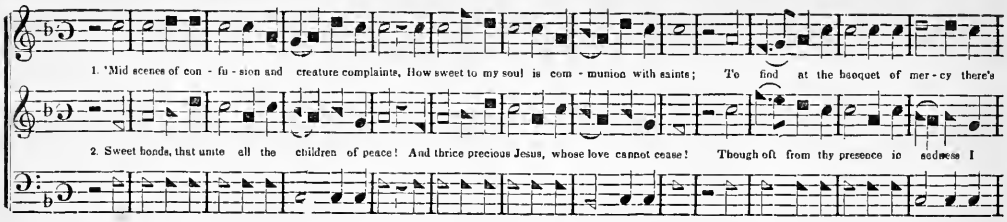
11 Then will I tell to sinners round,
And we'll all shout together, &c.
What a dear Saviour I have found;
And we'll all shout together, &c.

12 I'll point to thy redeeming love,
And we'll all shout together, &c
And say, "Behold the way to God!"
And we'll all shout together, &c

SWEET HOME. 11,11,11,5,11.



3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free, [thee;
Which hinders my joy and communion with
Though now my temptations like billows
may foam, [home.
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at
Home, home, &c.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my
day;
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, &c.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy
face; [throne,
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy
And findeven now, a sweet foretaste of home.
Home, home, &c.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more, as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

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